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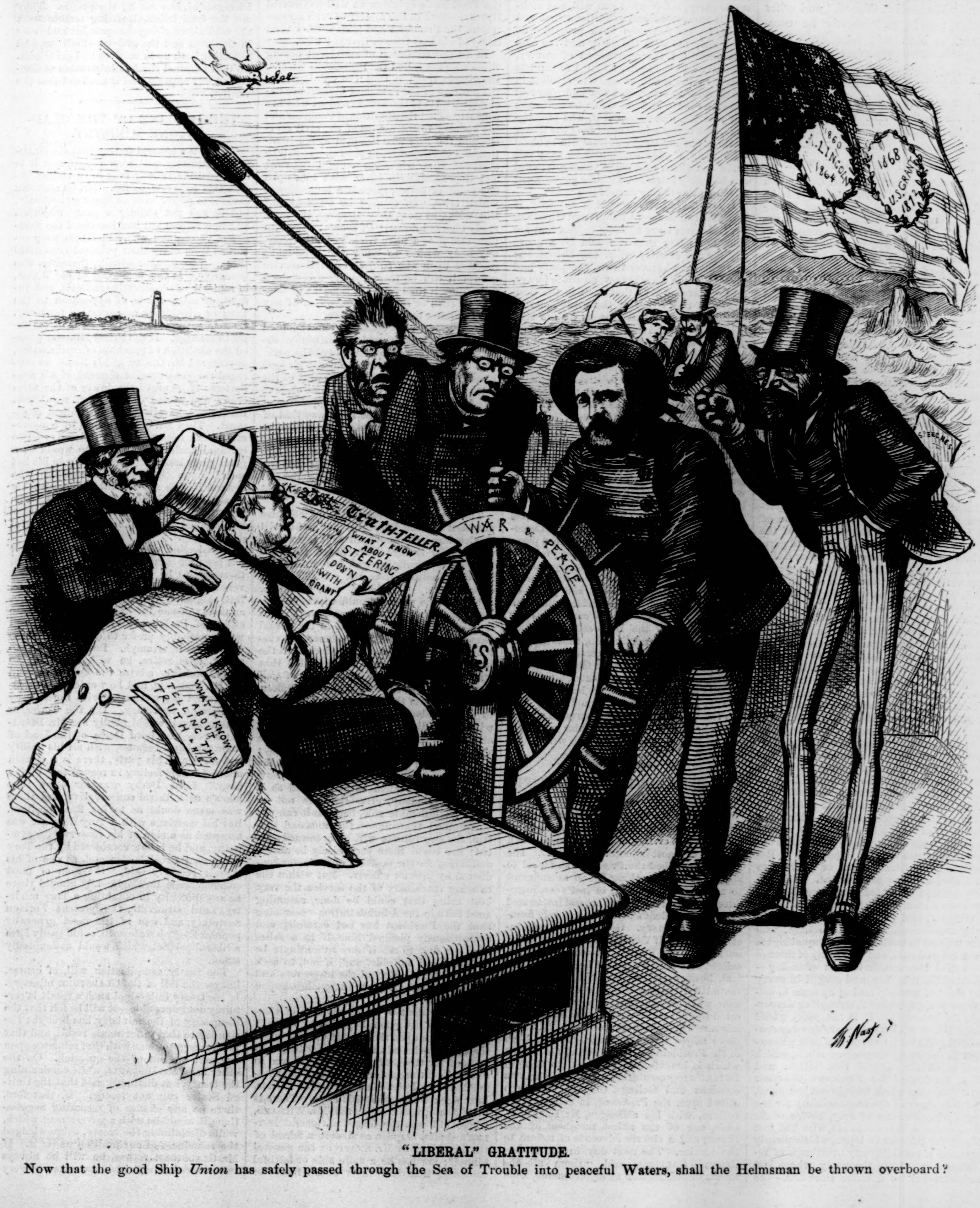

1860
LINCOLN
1864
1868
U.S. GRANT
1872
TRUTH-TELLER.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT STEERING
DOWN WITH GRANT
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE TELLING THE TRUTH. H.G.
WAR & PEACE
S
SPEECHES
Th. Nast.

"LIBERAL" GRATITUDE.

Now that the good Ship *Union* has safely passed through the Sea of Trouble into peaceful Waters, shall the Helmsman be thrown overboard?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 11, 1872.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Second Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

☞ Our readers will be pleased to learn that a new serial story, by the author of "Cecil's Tryst," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," and other popular novels, will shortly be commenced in Harper's Weekly. It is called

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE;"

and our readers will find it one of the most fascinating and thrilling novels from the Author's pen.

THE ISSUE IN NOVEMBER.

THE result of the Cincinnati Convention may be known when this paper is issued. If it nominates a candidate, its action will depend for ratification upon the Democratic party. It is not necessary to question the motives of the leaders and followers of the Cincinnati movement, although with many of them personal and not patriotic motives must be inferred. Leave the question of motives aside. Suppose that the Convention nominates the best man who has been named. Suppose that its platform demands every good reform and asserts every sound principle. The fact will still remain unchanged—the hard, cruel, fatal fact—that the candidate must look for his election to Democratic votes, and the greater purity and economy of administration, which will be demanded, must be expected of the Democratic party.

We are told that this is an idle and foolish fear. We are asked if old issues are not settled, and whether we propose to slay the slain forever. It is declared that the name of the Democratic party is a bugaboo with which children may be scared, but not men; and that it may be trusted for all good purposes and reforms, with the protection of the new citizens, and the payment of the debt, and the pacification of disturbed parts of the country, and with every other living issue, as surely as the Republican party. Meanwhile, however, there are certain facts which are perhaps as well worthy of consideration as rosy assertions. The election in New Hampshire resulted well, but the figures show a compact and organized Democratic party. The Republicans carried Connecticut, but it was a lean majority: enough, we grant; not so wide as a church door, but enough. Yet in that State also there is a compact and organized Democratic party. In New York, where the Republican feud is fiercest, the *World* claims that Cincinnati and the Democratic party will carry the State by a hundred thousand majority. Every where, indeed, the Democratic party is thoroughly organized, and every where it has been for two months alert with hope as it calculated the chances at Cincinnati.

And what is the Democratic party? It is the political organization to which the great body of those who were known as rebels eight years ago belong. It includes every element not only of opposition to Republican administration, but of hostility to the Union and the government. It is the party whose active leaders and members to-day were educated in the dogmas of State sovereignty, and in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, as sound doctrine, who were trained in contempt of the equal rights of the colored race, and who many of them—the active Democratic leaders of to-day—palliated the rebellion, and sought in every way short of actually taking up arms to embarrass the government, struggling desperately for existence. It is the party whose National Convention four years ago was controlled by Wade Hampton and men who exulted in declaring themselves rebels, which pronounced for virtual repudiation, and which nominated for President Governor Seymour, upon whom rests, in our judgment, a terrible share of the responsibility for the New York massacres of July, 1863, and for Vice-President General Blair, who had just written the Brodhead letter, which plainly suggested a revolutionary overthrow of reconstruction. It is the party whose last administration we describe elsewhere—the worthy tool of slavery and treason. It is the party which steadily resists in Congress every measure for equal rights, which is vociferous for interference for doubtful American citizens in other countries, and hostile to the defense of the most hapless and innocent of American citizens hunted and murdered in their native land.

This and such as this is the Democratic party. But if we say it, we are told that it is undoubtedly so, but that *this* is the sentimental view of parties. We are assured that parties change, and that party chiefs adapt themselves to situations. We are told that the doctrine of State sovereignty is dead, that slavery can not be restored, and that repudiation is improbable. But the active men of both parties have not changed since the war. There are new voters, doubtless, but few new leaders. It is, therefore, not a sentimental theory: it is a simple question in human nature and experience. Do Republicans of '60, '64, and '68 trust the Democratic party, call it what you will, and making all exceptions and conditions that you choose? Do you who have proved, who knew only too well, the party and the men who sustained the aggressions of slavery, the party and the men who tried to throttle liberty in the North as she was crushed in the South—do you, who knew and who still know the party and the men who made the war possible, who palliated it, who prolonged it, and under whose cruel heel the flower of American manhood was trampled in blood—do you, in your souls, believe that this party and these men eight years afterward can be safely intrusted with the government which was so hardly saved?

It is not vindictiveness, it is not folly, it is not refusal to accept the present situation, nor insistence upon fighting battles that are won, to declare that it would be a grave day for the country when the Democratic party under whatever name, the party and the men whom we all know, return to power. And we are as sure that such is the deep and wise conviction of the great mass of patriotic American citizens as we are that it is our own; and that it is because General Grant is felt to be the representative of the new epoch hostile to that party that he is the spontaneous candidate of those who hold that conviction. Great political tendencies, the traditions of generations, theories and principles long asserted and defended, habits and prejudices carefully fostered, the hates and bitterness of civil war, party pride, and party spirit, are not forever at an end because a victory has been won in the field, or a party defeated at the polls; and in political action under such circumstances, while we do not fan animosities, we must certainly not forget them.

If the Cincinnati Convention nominates candidates who are adopted by the Democratic party, and they are elected, that party will return to power. It will not probably undertake to restore chattel slavery, but its success will necessarily be a reactionary movement against the spirit and policy of the government since 1860 under Republican control. If the Cincinnati candidates are not adopted by the Democrats, and they make a separate nomination, those Republicans who prefer a Democratic restoration to Republican success with General Grant will support the Cincinnati candidates. But in that case their votes might be as well cast directly for the Democratic candidate. Unless the Republican party deserts its organization in a body, either its regular candidate will be elected or the Democrats will return to power.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE attempt of General Butler to represent the President's interest in the improvement of the civil service as a mere trick failed in the most ignominious manner. The general described the President as forced to appear to do something by an amendment to an appropriation bill of last year, introduced by Senator Trumbull, and insinuated that the President's action was merely formal and perfunctory. General Garfield instantly asked if General Butler spoke by authority; and nothing was left to that excellent man but to say that he did not. He had, however, shown his skill as a political tactician by representing the President, at a time when the country is peculiarly interested in civil service reform, as feigning an interest which he does not feel. But that there might be no misunderstanding both of the President's position and of the weight which is hereafter to be given to General Butler's representations of General Grant's opinions and feelings, General Garfield called upon the President, in company, we believe, with his colleague, Mr. Perry, of Ohio, one of the ablest members of the House, and a sincere advocate of reform in the service. The next day, in the House, General Garfield said, "From all the means of information at my command, I am clearly of opinion that in all this matter of civil service reform the President has been not only sincere, but deeply in earnest."

General Butler represented the movement as a Cincinnati dodge, and he was forced by Mr. Perry to repeat the assertion deliberately. Mr. Perry said, "I ask the gentleman if he did not say in his remarks yesterday that any member advocating civil service reform here had need of a certificate that he was not going to the Cincinnati Convention?" General Butler replied, "Yes, I said so." The general is a very wise man. Mr. Jenckes, probably, was on his way to Cincinnati when he made his reports and speeches at various times during the last six years. Indeed, there is something very ludicrous in this abortive effort of the general to represent the President as a fool or a knave. For while he was assuring the House that the President was only humbugging the country, Senator Morton was saying in New York—and he, perhaps, knows the President's opinions as well as General Butler—that in the matter of civil service reform the President had gone further than many of his best friends thought wise.

In all this confusion of statement among those who are called the President's friends, the simple truth is that the opinions and the position of the President himself are unchanged. He is the first President who has urgently called the attention of Congress and the country to the abuses of the civil service, and the first who has ever seriously attempted any measures of reform. It will be observed that whenever certain Senators and Representatives agree with him upon any point of policy, there is a large chorus which cries, "Of course; he owns them." But when, as now, they disagree, the same ready chorus intones, "Of course; they own him, and it is a mere trick." If, therefore, any body wishes to know the President's position upon the subject of civil service reform, it can be more readily ascertained from himself than from the remarks of General Butler or Senator Morton, or of any other Senator or Representative.

The President has considered and adopted certain regulations which, faithfully observed, will very greatly improve the service. He has solemnly and officially pledged himself to the country that the spirit of the rules shall be observed. He does observe it. The very first important appointment after the adoption of the rules was that of Comptroller of the Currency—a position to which, in accordance with the whole spirit of his rules, he nominated the Deputy-Comptroller. And thereupon General Butler winks to the country and sneers, "Pshaw! it's all gammon! Three cheers for General Grant!"

The hostility of Congress to any measures proposed for the improvement of the civil service was so pronounced that it was impossible for the Advisory Board to count upon an appropriation which would remove the examinations from the control of the departments. The board was, therefore, obliged to do what it could within the existing machinery of the government. This it has done with due regard to the actual circumstances. Take, for instance, the custom-houses. The board has selected all the important districts, and has provided that when a vacancy occurs in the office of Collector, Surveyor, Appraiser, or Naval Officer, the Secretary of the Treasury shall designate to the President any person in the service within that district whom he considers suitable and qualified for the position, and he shall be appointed. This is his first duty; but if no such person is found by him, the appointment may be made at pleasure. Now if the present system be as unsound as is thought by many, promotion can not be made an inflexible rule, because it can not be assumed that, under the unsound system, the subordinate will be necessarily fitted; nor could there very wisely be an examination for the position of Collector conducted by inferior officers. But within the existing machinery of the service the very best thing that could be done, assuming good faith in the Administration—assuming that the President has not carefully and conspicuously pledged himself to a falsehood—is first to see if any subordinate be qualified and suitable, and, if not, to seek him elsewhere. But all the inspectors and subordinate officers are to be appointed upon examination.

The President is far in advance of Congress and of the general opinion of both the great parties upon the subject of a reform in the civil service of the country. It is convenient for those who are hostile to him to select the bitterest enemies of any improvement and call them his particular friends. Last week we exposed this error. There is little doubt, we presume, that Mr. Willard, whose bill was the target of General Butler's shafts, is quite as sincere a friend of the President as Mr. Snapp or the general himself; nor has he a more able or faithful supporter than Mr. Perry in the House or Mr. Edmunds in the Senate. To the manner in which the President has made the judicial appointments, which are in many ways the most important of all, Mr. Hoar, the late Attorney-General, testifies in a letter to the *Nation:*

> "You may not value my testimony highly, but I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as I have known them, the selections for judicial office by General Grant have been made with the purpose of securing the best attainable judicial service for the people, and with the full understanding of their great and far-reaching importance. I think, as a whole, they will compare favorably with those of any of his predecessors, and that, if any mistakes have been made, he has been misled by men in whom he had the right to trust."

There could be no better witness nor stronger testimony. Throughout General Grant's administration the exceptions and the mistakes have been magnified into the rule and the purpose. The great creditable facts, and among them the increased honesty and economy in the collection of the revenues, have been carefully disregarded. Disregarded, but not by the people. They are the final tribunal, sitting remote from the capital, weighing the speeches and votes in Congress and the articles of editors, and reflecting both upon motives and principles. To that tribunal the Administration of General Grant appeals, and it need not fear the verdict.

THE DECLINE OF THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY.

THERE is a general feeling that the Gladstone ministry will soon resign, and it is even possible that it may have retired before this paper is issued. Mr. Gladstone came into power with an immense majority, but it was not strictly a party majority. The new reform bill had increased the number of voters, and many members were returned from other than political considerations. The great majority, therefore, was deceptive. It was composed of old Whigs, of radicals, of conservative radicals, and, indeed, of every shade of opposition to the Tory or absolutely conservative tendency. Consequently it was a very difficult majority to manage. If the Prime Minister pushed the abolition of purchase of commissions, or received Mr. Odger at his house, he outraged the conservative element of his supporters; if he urged the dowry of the princesses and stifled debate upon republican resolutions, he alienated the radical sentiment. Then Mr. Gladstone is by temperament both impetuous and indecisive—two cardinal faults in a man who would be a great party leader. Undoubtedly in his hot speech upon the treaty he expressed the general British feeling, but he expressed it in a manner which every body felt to be very unfortunate. It was not a subject for impassioned rhetoric, but for very careful deliberation.

The decline of Mr. Gladstone's power has been for some time apparent, and it is, therefore, to be expected that he can not very long remain at the head of affairs. But, singularly enough, the Tories are not anxious to come in. They do not feel sure either of Parliament or the country, and would probably prefer to defer a little the day of their triumph. But if Mr. Gladstone does retire, he will, according to usage, probably advise the Queen to send for Mr. Disraeli, and he would undoubtedly attempt a government with Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary. Yet the Tories, or conservatives, would gladly see Mr. Disraeli a peer, and Lord Derby at the head of their ministry, because, with all his ability and service to his party, there is a certain uncomfortable feeling in regard to "Vivian Grey." Lord Derby was for some time known as a liberal conservative, and there was some doubt as to his final position. But his marriage with a Tory dowager was accepted as a sign of his conservative sympathy, and he is now considered by the Tory party as its real leader, and, as one of his friends recently said, "the man of most common-sense in England." Should there be any difficulty in obtaining a Tory ministry, Lord Granville, the present Foreign Secretary, and one of the most generally popular English statesmen, could easily form a liberal cabinet which would undoubtedly stand.

The treaty complication will, of course, hasten the fall of the Gladstone ministry. If the treaty fails—and such a result is certainly not impossible—it will be felt that the incapacity of the ministry has brought the country to that unfortunate result, and that further negotiations with that ministry upon our part are out of the question. On the other hand Mr. Disraeli, while condemning the treaty, has distinctly said that the United States can not recede. If, therefore, there be any chance of resuming negotiations, it would be with a government which, while disclaiming the treaty, acknowledged the soundness of our position under it. If Mr. Gladstone retires, he will be always remembered as a British statesman of very great accomplishment and elevation of character. There is a purity in his long public life which it is pleasant to contemplate, and even his defects as a practical statesman spring from admirable qualities. He has the candid mind which sees too plainly the reason of the other side. He began political life as a High-Church Tory, and he will leave the first office in the British empire very much because of his radical sympathies. Should Mr. Disraeli succeed him, he will find, as he has before found, that Mr. Gladstone, despite his retirement, commands a confidence which the brilliant Tory can never obtain.

THE MORAL OF CERTAIN APPOINTMENTS.

The letter of Mr. Charles Francis Adams upon the nomination at Cincinnati was written on the eve of his departure as the member for the United States of the Geneva Tribunal. His going out in that capacity reminds us of the constant assertion that General Grant appoints incompetent persons to office, and from unworthy motives. But we venture to say that no President for the last forty years has appointed better men to high office, and from purer motives. When he took his seat he nominated for his cabinet those who were personally known to him, and whom he believed to be as competent as they were confessedly honest. The press and the leaders of both parties denounced his action as showing the profoundest ignorance of the methods in which government in this country should be carried on. And now many of the most conspicuous politicians who denounced him complain that he did not trust the people against the politicians, and persist in filling all the high offices without regard to party.

With the same regard for efficient and honest service, the President called to the head of his cabinet, after Mr. Washburne retired and Mr. James F. Wilson declined, a gentleman of the purest character, whom he personally knew and trusted, but whose appointment certainly showed no blind devotion to mere party considerations. Indeed, in his first Message General Grant truly said that he had disregarded merely partisan pressure when he thought it prejudicial to the public welfare. With what care and intelligent regard for the highest interests of the country he has filled the judicial offices Judge Hoar has testified in words which we elsewhere quote. In the diplomatic positions Mr. Motley, General Schenck, Mr. Washburne, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Curtin certainly do not show Executive indifference to high character, ability, and true patriotism. If General Sickles was sent as minister to Spain, it was with the feeling very generally entertained and expressed—which, indeed, we never shared—that offenses of his earlier life had been condoned by services and wounds in the war. Nor will it be forgotten that the Republican party had made General Sickles one of its delegates at large to the Convention which nominated General Grant, that his name was reported to the Senate for confirmation by Mr. Sumner, that the appointment was warmly praised by Mr. Greeley, and that a great multitude of leading citizens in New York joined, as it were, in a moral laying on of hands upon the general's head before his departure.

The same sincere desire to name men of the highest character and ability to conspicuous and important positions was shown in the appointment of the San Domingo Commission. The character of that commission, and the frank and honorable conduct of the President in regard to the whole subject, pacified the public mind and healed every difference. Indeed, the whole San Domingo transaction shows how utterely baseless is the assertion that General Grant despotically insists upon his personal policy. What would have been easier than to name thick and thin San Domingo partisans upon the commission, as other Presidents with a policy would have done? The selection made was a signal proof of the President's simple and patriotic sincerity, and the country has not forgotten it. For the negotiation of the English treaty, the designation of commissioners instantly received the approbation of the country. The commission was composed of the ablest lawyers and most experienced and sagacious statesmen; men, also, of a peculiarly American cast of mind and tone of feeling, which were especially desirable in a commission for such a purpose. Then came the appointments under the treaty—Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Evarts, Mr. Cushing, Mr. Waite, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Beaman. If any objection upon any ground is made to these gentlemen, we have not heard it. If their appointment does not show the highest regard upon the part of the President for every consideration proper to be entertained, then no appointment could.

It is in the presence of such commanding facts as these that we are told of "the low tone" of this Administration, that it is "run" by vulgar and ignorant men, and that the power of appointment was never so prostituted and debased. And this cry is raised in great part by Democrats. Twelve years ago we had the blessing of a Democratic Administration; and we invite a comparison of "the tone" of the President and cabinet to-day, and all their appointments, with that of the President and cabinet then, with all of their subordinates. Those were the days of Buchanan, Thompson, Floyd, Toucey, and Cobb in the White House, with Indian frauds, and stabs at the public credit, and secret removal of arms to compass the overthrow of the government, all for the purpose of perpetuating human shambles and the selling of men and women as cattle. And it is edifying to hear those who think those bestial days, when the capital was a sty of corruption, the palmy days of the republic, denouncing "the low tone" of an Administration which makes such appointments as we have named, and against the personal character and pure purpose of whose chief and his cabinet the most venomous shafts are hurled in vain.

THE COLORED CITIZENS.

The Convention of colored citizens at New Orleans was a significant assembly, and, immediately followed as it was by the celebration in Washington of the tenth anniversary of emancipation in the District of Columbia, furnishes the means of ascertaining the political tendencies of the new citizens. The New Orleans platform very plainly expresses the conviction that "as all roads out of the Republican party lead into the Democratic camp, we pledge our unswerving devotion to support the nominee of the Philadelphia Convention." It also contains an exuberant and glowing tribute to the services of Senator Sumner, and of gratitude to President Grant and to Vice-President Colfax. Beside this declaration of continued fidelity to the Republican party and its Administration and leaders, there is also a solemn appeal to the country in favor of the Civil Rights bill, which simply removes the last lingering inequality before the law. Social relations must settle themselves. They are not the creation of law. But there can be no excuse for the abuses to which these equal citizens are subject.

The members of the Convention pronounced against all who voted for the defeat of the Civil Rights bill, and pledged their efforts to elect successors more favorable to equality. But while they declared their unshaken fidelity to the Republican party, they did not insist upon the incorporation of civil rights in the platform at Philadelphia as the condition of their support. This was wisely done; for while there will undoubtedly be a strong feeling in the Convention favorable to including the substance of the bill in the platform, the proposition may fail, and it would be very foolish for that reason to do any thing for the advantage of the hereditary enemies of all the rights of the colored race. Indeed, it is a mistake to make the support of a party which is preferable upon all general grounds depend upon its adoption of a single measure, and all the more when that measure is one which the party is sure presently to sustain. Mr. Frederick Douglass very truly said in his speech that the colored citizens owed their gratitude to the nation, not to the States; and that the Cincinnati movement should be suspected because its force must be derived from those who, under the plea of State rights, had so long degraded his race.

The day after the New Orleans platform was adopted was a holiday in the District of Columbia. The sun shone brightly, and about noon the procession passed before the White House. It was a marvelous spectacle. The city was Washington, which, twelve years ago, in that same White House, Democratic conspirators in possession of the government were plotting to make the capital of a slave empire. And now, amidst inspiring peals of patriotic music, band following band, marched long columns of the late enslaved race, trained soldiers of the most manly bearing; and the President of the United States—the great captain in the war which gave them their manhood and the nation its salvation—stood, surrounded by his cabinet, and modestly saluted them as they passed by. It was all festival and joy. But nine years ago, at Wagner, at Fort Pillow, and in how many unknown spots and untold ways, the same race were bravely charging and dying, or faithfully guiding and concealing their friends, helping the quiet man before whom their brethren were now gayly marching to win his great victory. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. No man who saw it, and who had taken any part in the political movements which restored their long-lost manhood to a race, but must have resolved anew not to rest until the great political organization which proposed to rob them of that manhood forever was as effectually vanquished and dispersed as the armies of the rebellion.

Later in the day an immense crowd was addressed by Mr. Elliott, a colored Representative in Congress from South Carolina. The poetic justice was complete. Mr. Elliott responded to the words and to the convictions of Mr. Douglass at New Orleans:

> "If the Republican party goes down, freedom goes down with it. But it will not go down, for it stands to-day triumphant, with a vast majority in nearly all the States, and with an unbroken front. Though personal dissensions may arise and widen our ranks temporarily, they will close up when the long roll of battle is sounded, and we will all march together to victory."

It is the well-grounded faith of the colored citizens that their friends are of the Republican party, and they may count upon the steady effort of those friends to secure the absolute equality of all citizens before the law.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William T. Blodgett, of this city, during a recent visit to Rome, was made the recipient of especial honors by the Italian Parliament and King Victor Emanuel. He was invited by several members of the House of Deputies to visit that body while in session, and on arrival was invited to the diplomatic box, where he received the salutations of members. Afterward he was escorted to the floor of the House, and was introduced to a large number of the Deputies, who were aware of the active part Mr. Blodgett took at the great meeting held in this city in support of the unification of Italy, with Rome as capital. Two days afterward the king arrived in Rome, and immediately sent to Mr. B., through our legation, a diploma with the royal seal and decoration, naming him a "Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Crown of Italy." The official paper of the government, *L'Opinione*, alludes to it as follows: "Among the many strangers who during this winter have visited Rome, we notice Mr. William T. Blodgett, of New York, whose name is found at the head of philanthropic societies in America. Mr. Blodgett was one of the principal promoters of the grand demonstration made in New York to celebrate the accomplishment of the unity of Italy. The meeting had for president General John A. Dix, and to perpetuate the remembrance we published the proceedings of that meeting. His majesty being informed that Mr. Blodgett was at Rome, sent him the diploma and decorations of 'Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Crown of Italy,' to show him, as well as all those who took part in that great meeting, his great satisfaction."

—In the Senate, on the 24th ult., an interesting statement was made. Mr. Morton, from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, reported in favor of admitting Mr. Ransom, of North Carolina, to his seat, and he was accordingly sworn in; whereupon Senator Thurman, of Ohio, said that now for the first time since 1861—eleven years—every seat was filled and every State represented: a fact upon which the Senate and the country might well congratulate themselves.

—The original commission of Jefferson Davis as an officer in the United States army, signed by Andrew Jackson, has recently been returned to him by some Alabama soldiers, into whose possession it came after the capture of Jackson, Mississippi.

—Robert B. Elliott, the colored member of Congress from South Carolina, was born in Massachusetts and educated in England. In 1853 he entered High Holborn Academy, in London, where he prepared for Eton College, which he entered in 1855, and graduated in 1859. He afterward studied law, and practices his profession. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1868, a member of the Legislature of that State from 1868 to 1870, and Assistant Adjutant-General until elected to the present Congress. He is a ready speaker, and has none of the accent peculiar to his race. He has made a fortune within the past few years, lives in considerable style, drives a fine span of horses, and spends his money freely.—Mr. De Large, another colored member from the same State, is a short, olive-complexioned man, of not much talent, moderately educated, and a farmer.—Josiah T. Wallis, colored member from Florida, was born in Virginia thirty years ago, and claims to be a planter. He is conspicuous for neatness of apparel and stunning neck-ties.—Benjamin S. Surner, colored member from Alabama, is a large, broad-shouldered man, forty-seven years old, born a slave, educated himself clandestinely, and has some reputation among the Republicans for good sense and political sagacity.

—Count Von Beust is about to retire finally from the diplomatic service of Austria, and resume his residence in Dresden.

—Rochefort complains bitterly of the prison regulations, which preclude him from the reading of newspapers. It is as horrible as to be prevented from writing lampoons on people who do not think as Rochefort thinks. In Fort Boyart, where he is serving out his term of imprisonment, he is employed in the kitchen; but two hours of the day are allowed to him to read and write.

—The Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has finally retired from the ministry. For thirty years past he has filled the pulpit of that place, and is known throughout the country as a man of great erudition. His congregation part from him with the deepest sorrow.

—When Nathaniel Hawthorne was in Rome he spoke of Miss Mitford, who lodged at that time in a small apartment a little way from the brow of the Tarpeian Rock, as "a most amiable little woman, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race."

—Mr. Catacazy has at length been heard of. His government has spoken to him, and though the literal text of its words has not been, and probably will not be, made public, the practical result must be quite disgusting to the fiery, fussy little count. He has been dropped from the rolls of the Foreign-office, and is in official disgrace. The government has bestowed on him a pension of $2000 a year, and permitted him to reside wherever on the Continent he pleases; but he has been given to understand, that if he makes any publication of the affair, or countenances any allusions to it in the public press, his pension will be cut off, and he will otherwise find himself hurt.

—A correspondent of the *Express* makes the curious statement that for many years past it has been the unlucky fate of Canada to have a succession of parsimonious Governor-Generals, anxious to save. Earl Elgin was the first who distinguished himself in that line; then Sir Edmund Head, who, besides being penurious, labored under an uncontrollable temper; next Lord Monck, a needy peer; and after him Lord Lisgar, who has a desire to be hospitable, but is unable to do so for reasons not polite to be mentioned. But the coming man is owner of a handsome fortune, and knows how to spend with befitting splendor. That he is not avaricious is shown by the fact that he refused the Governor-Generalship of India—worth $150,000 a year, with allowances that enable the incumbent to save all his salary. Lord Dufferin is a genial, merry, kind-hearted man, who hates fuss and ceremony, and wishes every one to enjoy himself; yet, withal, his abilities are of a high order, and he made a name for himself when still under age. Lord D. is the author of a clever satire on high life, "The Hon. Impulsia Gushington," and a pleasing book, "Letters from High Latitudes," published in 1869. His mother, the Countess Gifford, is sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, both being daughters of Thomas Sheridan. He (the present Lord Dufferin) is now forty-six years of age, though he does not look forty. His name before he succeeded to his father's title was the Right Hon. Frederick T. Blackwood. He was educated at Eton and Christ-church College, Oxford; and his first work after graduation was to go and devote himself to the relief of the Irish during the famine of 1846-47, of which he published an account. Hardly less will Lady Dufferin be missed. Though she has not published any book, she is known as the best writer of humorous Irish songs living. Her delightful ballads are sung in many drawing-rooms. She is a genius and a sparkling character, a perfect representation of the cultivated Irishwoman—a type, by-the-way, which it would be hard to surpass by any race in the world.

—A curious personal item comes to us in an English paper relative to the late Professor Maurice: "In early life he wrote a novel called 'Eustace Conway; or, Brother and Sister.' He sold the novel to the late Mr. Bentley somewhere about the year 1830; but the excitement caused by the Reform bill being unfavorable to light literature, Mr. Bentley did not issue it till 1834, when he had quite lost sight of its author, then a curate in Warwickshire. The villain of the novel was called Captain Marryat; and Mr. Maurice, who first learned of the publication of his book from a review in our columns (*Athenæum*, No. 335, p. 239), had soon the pleasure of receiving a challenge from the celebrated Captain Marryat. Great was the latter's astonishment on learning that the anonymous author of 'Eustace Conway' had never heard of the biographer of Peter Simple, and, being in holy orders, was obliged to decline to indulge in a duel."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, April 22, by Mr. Fernando Wood, to prevent contraction and expansion of the money market, and to give elasticity to the currency. On the same day the House decided the contested election case of Gooding *v.* Wilson in favor of the latter. Mr. Cox, from the Committee on Rules, offered a resolution to admit ex-members to the floor only upon their declaring on honor that they have no interest in any measure then before Congress or any of its committees.—The Senate Committee on Commerce, April 23, agreed to report favorably on the House bill for the appointment of Shipping Commissioners, with a few amendments, the principal one being a restriction of the penalty of $1000 against shipping a sailor while drunk to cases in which the sailor was drunk when he signed the articles.—The House voted, April 24, to print 20,000 copies of the American (*Alabama*) case.

The Assembly has concurred in the New York Charter Election bill, with certain amendments. The election now stands fixed for the fifth Friday in May.

In the State Senate, April 23, the Assembly amendments of the Registry law were concurred in.

The Vanderbilt Fourth Avenue, the Gilbert Elevated, and the Beach Pneumatic railroad bills passed in the Assembly April 23.

The Department of Public Instruction of New York city has resolved to pension teachers after twenty years' service.

Mrs. Wharton's physicians having certified that her ill health renders an immediate trial dangerous, the case will be postponed till next fall.

Stevenson, Cline, and Duke, signers of the Cass County fraudulent bonds, were murdered by a party of masked men on a railroad train near Holden, Missouri, April 24.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The funeral of the Earl of Mayo, late Viceroy and Governor-General of India, took place at Dublin April 25.

The Atalanta boat crew, of New York, reached Liverpool April 24, preparatory to the race with the London crew over the Thames course.

Mr. Newdegate renewed in the House of Commons, April 23, his annual motion for a commission to inquire into the character and rapid increase of monastic institutions. After a warm debate permission was given for the introduction of the bill.

The Tichborne claimant was released on bail April 23.

Another granddaughter to Queen Victoria was born April 23. The wife of Frederick William, Prince Imperial of Germany, is the happy mother.

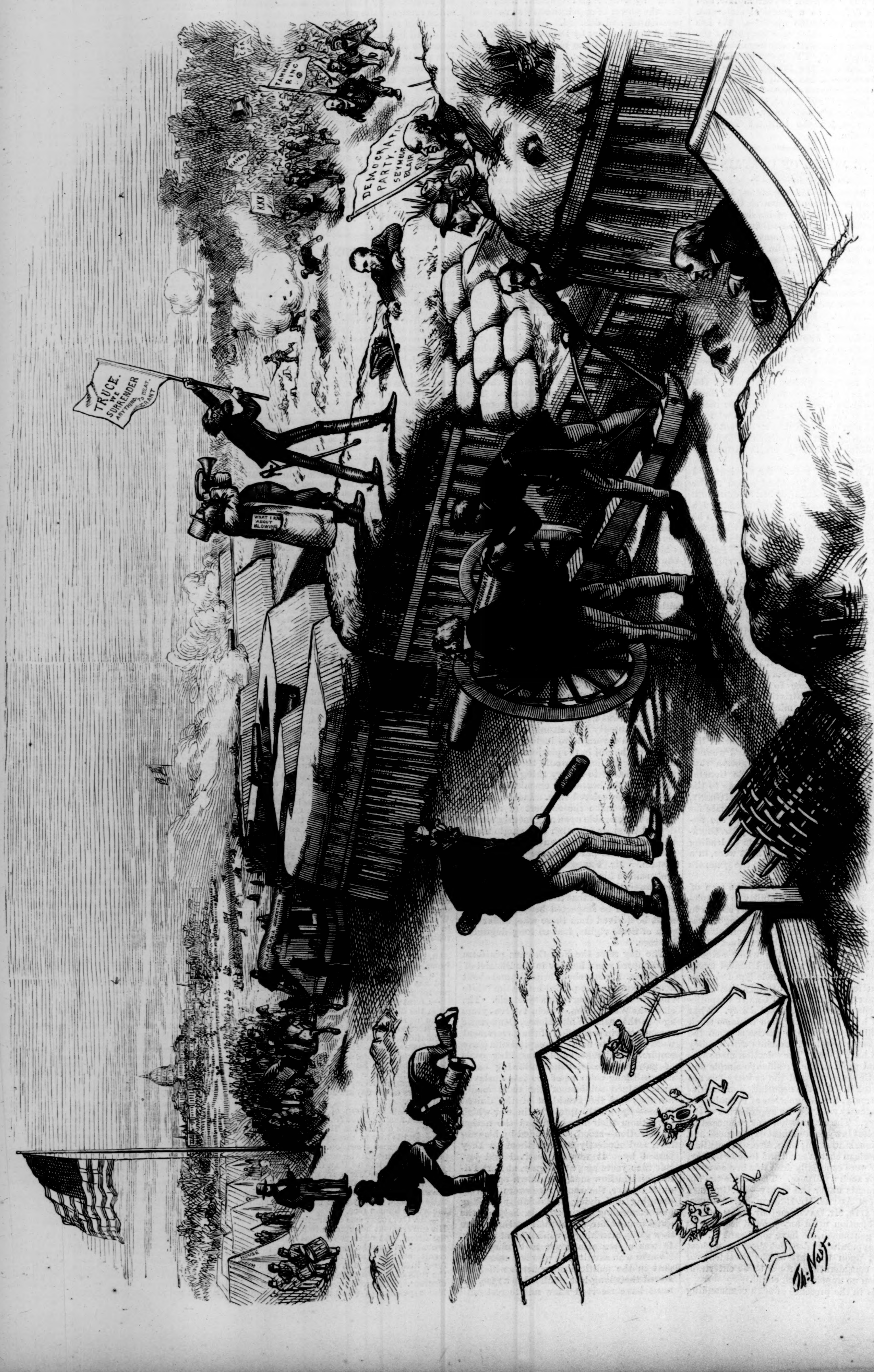
The Carlist movement against the Spanish government has grown to serious proportions, and many arrests of the revolutionists have been made throughout the kingdom. "Long live Charles the Seventh! Death to the Liberals!" is the cry every where. The provinces of Navarre, Lerida, and Biscay are declared in a state of siege.

The trade-mark convention between the United States and Austria has been ratified.

The steamship *Ispahan* is supposed to have foundered in a gale off the coast of France. Fifty lives are supposed to have been lost.

The ice has broken up in Lake Champlain, and the first steamer went across April 23.

A dispatch received from Naples, April 26, and read by Minister Lanza in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, brings terrible news of the effects of the eruption of Vesuvius. Flames are said to have burst from the earth under the feet of the inhabitants, and many persons have been burned by the lava. The town of Torre del Greco, on the southwest foot of Vesuvius, is threatened with the fate of Pompeii.


TRUCE. WE SURRENDER ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT
DEMOCRATIC PARTY SEYMOUR BLAIR
TAMMANY RING
CSA
SLAVERY
COPPERHEAD
KKK
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BLOWING
Th. Nast.

A "LIBERAL" SURRENDER—"ANY THING TO BEAT GRANT."

FATHER ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

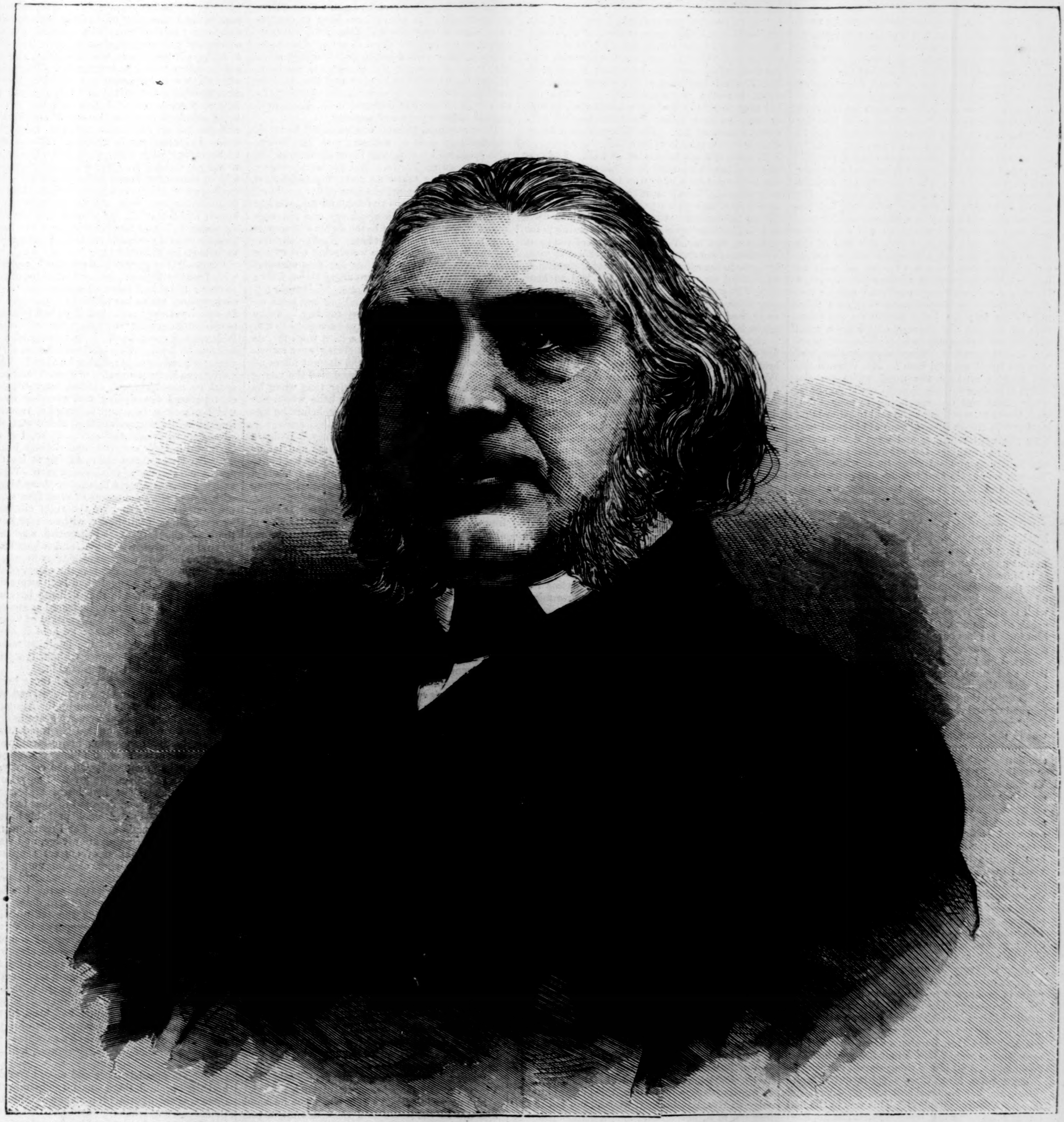
By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Fifteen centuries had nearly passed since Jerome defined the fabulous legend of the rule of St. Peter at Rome before it was possible, except in a few rare intervals, for the Roman people to discuss openly the leading tradition upon which rests the fabric of the papacy. He who doubted had been led to the stake; the faith of the Eternal City had been confirmed by the terrors of the Inquisition and the vigilance of the Jesuits. But not many weeks ago twenty thousand Romans assembled to hear accomplished debaters assail and defend the authenticity of the legend, and the most eloquent and effective of them all was Alessandro Gavazzi. The discussion was animated yet courteous; the papal divines supported tradition by tradition; the Protestants pointed out the total absence of all historical evidence for that theory on which is founded the belief of the medieval Church; and a deep and solemn interest might well attend the spectacle of the revival of a pure faith on the spot where not two years before it would have been imprisonment or death for any native Roman to listen to the teachings of the Scriptures.

Alessandro Gavazzi must have felt no transient emotion as he stood among the friendly Romans, conscious that Italy was united and free, that liberty of speech and thought was assured even at Rome. To accomplish this purpose has been the sole object of his life. He was born (1809) at Bologna, in the Papal States, entered a monastery, and was early distinguished for his scholarship and mental vigor. At twenty he was made professor at Naples. But he soon became a preacher of the pure Gospel, and in the chief cities of Italy was followed by attentive throngs. His spotless life, his unequaled eloquence, and his novel teachings drew the attention of the Jesuits, and Gavazzi was confined for twelve months in a convent. When Gregory XVI. died the young preacher was set free, and began to declaim with rare vigor against the vices of the clergy, to demand a purer faith and the liberation of his country. Pius IX., always faithless and insincere, promised Rome (1847) a free government; Gavazzi preached to applauding throngs the woes and the hopes of Italy. The Pope at once placed him in confinement. He came out once more to join in the bold rising of Italy against the Austrians, and marched with the Roman volunteers who made an ineffectual effort to drive the foreigners from Italian soil. In many a hopeless combat Gavazzi was seen encouraging the men, and passing amidst a rain of bullets to aid the wounded and console the dying.

In 1848 a republic was proclaimed at Rome; the Pope and the Jesuits fled together from the rage of the people; the eloquence and courage of Gavazzi again filled his countrymen with generous ardor. Around him were Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the chief Italian patriots, and Rome was once more the centre of Italian freedom. By a strange madness not unusual to that fanciful nation, the French, who had just established their own republic, hastened to destroy that of Rome. The French forces besieged the rejoicing city, resolved to restore the Pope and the Jesuits to their tyranny over the people; and within its walls Gavazzi, Garibaldi, and the Triumvirs resisted with useless courage the regular approaches of the foe. Once the French were repulsed in a vigorous assault, and Rome rang with shouts of joy. But the resistance of the republicans could not avert its fall. In all the dangers and trials of the siege Gavazzi's eloquence encouraged his countrymen; he was often in the hospital, the camp, or the trenches. Rome fell, and the bold priest was hidden in the house of the American consul. He escaped to England, and preached with his usual eloquence against the corruptions of the papal rule. For the Catholic vote of France Louis Napoleon had sold the lives and the freedom of the Romans. A French garrison shot down Italian patriots on the Roman Campagna; the hated monks and priests once more ruled over the Eternal City; and for many years the warrior-preacher would be heard no more by the people he had once moved to patriotic ardor.

Gavazzi came to New York in 1853, and gave a course of lectures upon the vices of the papacy and the horrors of an ecclesiastical rule. He had acquired a free use of the English tongue, and that rare eloquence which had fired the hearts of Roman and Tuscan patriots was scarcely less effective with transatlantic freemen. With no insincere reticence he told in animated language the cruelty of the priesthood, the shocking scenes he had witnessed in the halls of the Inquisition, and lifted the veil from before the darker mysteries of the papal government. In 1853 Gavazzi warned Americans that the Roman influence was already tainting the sources of their progress; that the priests had resolved to destroy the public schools. His appeal was heard and forgotten. After many years of exile he is again a Roman citizen. The French emperor, who gave back Rome to its tyrants, is powerless and fallen; the Pope is deprived of his capacity for evil, at least at home. Father Gavazzi, the reformer of the Roman Church, has witnessed the discomfiture of his chief foes, and seeks now to revive throughout Italy that pure form of Christianity which he advocated, amidst danger and persecution, in his ardent youth. Orator, scholar, patriot, reformer, the Luther of the new Italian Church, he will be met with fraternal sympathy in free America.



FATHER ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

(Continued from No. 800, page 327.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXVI.

> "He beats me and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise—that I could beat him while he railed at me."—*Troilus and Cressida.*

But Fred did not go to Stone Court the next day, for reasons that were quite peremptory. From those visits to unsanitary Houndsley streets in search of Diamond he had brought back not only a bad bargain in horseflesh, but the further misfortune of some ailment which for a day or two had seemed mere depression and headache, but which got so much worse when he returned from his visit to Stone Court that, going into the dining-room, he threw himself on the sofa, and in answer to his mother's anxious question, said, "I feel very ill: I think you must send for Wrench."

Wrench came, but did not apprehend any thing serious, spoke of a "slight derangement," and did not speak of coming again on the morrow. He had a due value for the Vincys' house, but the wariest men are apt to be a little dulled by routine, and on worried mornings will sometimes go through their business with the zest of the daily bell-ringer. Mr. Wrench was a small, neat, bilious man, with a well-dressed wig; he had a laborious practice, an irascible temper, a lymphatic wife, and seven children; and he was already rather late before setting out on a four-mile drive to meet Dr. Minchin on the other side of Tipton, the decease of Hicks, a rural practitioner, having increased Middlemarch practice in that direction. Great statesmen err, and why not small medical men? Mr. Wrench did not neglect sending the usual white parcels, which this time had black and drastic contents. Their effect was not alleviating to poor Fred, who, however, unwilling as he said to believe that he was "in for an illness," rose at his usual easy hour the next morning and went down stairs, meaning to breakfast, but succeeded in nothing but in sitting and shivering by the fire. Mr. Wrench was again sent for, but was gone on his rounds, and Mrs. Vincy, seeing her darling's changed looks and general misery, began to cry, and said she would send for Dr. Sprague.

"Oh, nonsense, mother! It's nothing," said Fred, putting out his hot, dry hand to her. "I shall soon be all right. I must have taken cold in that nasty damp ride."

"Mamma!" said Rosamond, who was seated near the window (the dining-room windows looked on that highly respectable street called Lowick Gate), "there is Mr. Lydgate, stopping to speak to some one. If I were you I would call him in. He has cured Ellen Bulstrode. They say he cures every one."

Mrs. Vincy sprang to the window and opened it in an instant, thinking only of Fred and not of medical etiquette. Lydgate was only two yards off on the other side of some iron palisading, and turned round at the sudden sound of the sash before she called to him. In two minutes he was in the room, and Rosamond went out, after waiting just long enough to show a pretty anxiety conflicting with her sense of what was becoming.

Lydgate had to hear a narrative in which Mrs. Vincy's mind insisted with remarkable instinct on every point of minor importance, especially on what Mr. Wrench had said and had not said about coming again. That there might be an awkward affair with Wrench, Lydgate saw at once; but the case was serious enough to make him dismiss that consideration: he was convinced that Fred was in the pink-skinned stage of typhoid fever, and that he had taken just the wrong medicines. He must go to bed immediately, must have a regular nurse, and various appliances and precautions must be used, about which Lydgate was particular. Poor Mrs. Vincy's terror at these indications of danger found vent in such words as came most easily. She thought it "very ill usage on the part of Mr. Wrench, who had attended their house so many years in preference to Mr. Peacock, though Mr. Peacock was equally a friend. Why Mr. Wrench should neglect her children more than others she could not for the life of her understand. He had not neglected Mrs. Larcher's when they had the measles, nor would Mrs. Vincy have wished that he should. And if any thing should happen—"

Here poor Mrs. Vincy's spirit quite broke down, and her Niobe throat and good-humored face were sadly convulsed. This was in the hall out of Fred's hearing, but Rosamond had opened the drawing-room door, and now came forward anxiously. Lydgate apologized for Mr. Wrench, said that the symptoms yesterday might have been disguising, and that this form of fever was very equivocal in its beginnings: he would go immediately to the druggist's and have a prescription made up so as to lose no time, but he would write to Mr. Wrench and tell him what had been done.

"But you must come again—you must go on attending Fred. I can't have my boy left to any body who may come or not. I bear nobody ill-will, thank God, and Mr. Wrench saved me in the pleurisy, but he'd better have let me die—if—if—"

"I will meet Mr. Wrench here, then, shall I?" said Lydgate, really believing that Wrench was not well prepared to deal wisely with a case of this kind.

"Pray make that arrangement, Mr. Lydgate," said Rosamond, coming to her mother's aid, and supporting her arm to lead her away.

When Mr. Vincy came home he was very angry with Wrench, and did not care if he never came into his house again. Lydgate should go on now, whether Wrench liked it or not. It was no joke to have fever in the house. Every body must be sent to now not to come to dinner on Thursday. And Pritchard needn't get up any wine: brandy was the best thing against infection. "I shall drink brandy," added Mr. Vincy, emphatically—as much as to say, this was not an occasion for firing with blank cartridges. "He's an uncommonly unfortunate lad, is Fred. He'd need have some luck by-and-by to make up for all this—else I don't know who'd have an eldest son."

"Don't say so, Vincy," said the mother, with a quivering lip, "if you don't want him to be taken from me."

"It will worret you to death, Lucy, *that* I can see," said Mr. Vincy, more mildly. "However, Wrench shall know what I think of the matter." (What Mr. Vincy thought confusedly was, that the fever might somehow have been hindered if Mr. Wrench had shown the proper solicitude about his—the Mayor's—family.) "I'm the last man to give in to the cry about new doctors or new parsons either—whether they're Bulstrode's men or not. But Wrench shall know what I think, take it as he will."

Wrench did not take it at all well. Lydgate was as polite as he could be in his off-hand way, but politeness in a man who has placed you at a disadvantage is only an additional exasperation, especially if he happens to have been an object of dislike beforehand. Country practitioners used to be an irritable species, susceptible on the point of honor, and Mr. Wrench was one of the most irritable among them. He did not refuse to meet Lydgate in the evening, but his temper was somewhat tried on the occasion. He had to hear Mrs. Vincy say, "Oh, Mr. Wrench, what have I ever done that you should use me so?—To go away, and never to come again! And my boy might have been stretched a corpse!"

Mr. Vincy, who had been keeping up a sharp fire on the enemy Infection, and was a good deal heated in consequence, started up when he heard Wrench come in, and went into the hall to let him know what he thought.

"I'll tell you what, Wrench, this is beyond a joke," said the Mayor, who of late had had to rebuke offenders with an official air, and now broadened himself by putting his thumbs in his armholes—"to let fever get unawares into a house like this. There are some things that ought to be actionable, and are not so—that's my opinion."

But irrational reproaches were easier to bear than the sense of being instructed, or rather the sense that a younger man, like Lydgate, inwardly considered him in need of instruction, for "in point of fact," Mr. Wrench afterward said, Lydgate paraded flighty foreign notions, which would not wear. He swallowed his ire for the moment, but he afterward wrote to decline further attendance in the case. The house might be a good one, but Mr. Wrench was not going to truckle to any body on a professional matter. He reflected, with much probability on his side, that Lydgate would by-and-by be caught tripping too, and that his ungentlemanly attempts to discredit the sale of drugs by his professional brethren would by-and-by recoil on himself. He threw out biting remarks on Lydgate's tricks, worthy only of a quack, to get himself a factitious reputation with credulous people. That cant about cures was never got up by sound practitioners.

This was a point on which Lydgate smarted as much as Wrench could desire. To be puffed by ignorance was not only humiliating, but perilous, and not more enviable than the reputation of the weather-prophet. He was impatient of the foolish expectations amidst which all work must be carried on, and likely enough to damage himself as much as Mr. Wrench could wish by an unprofessional openness.

However, Lydgate was installed as medical attendant on the Vincys, and the event was a subject of general conversation in Middlemarch. Some said that the Vincys had behaved scandalously, that Mr. Vincy had threatened Wrench, and that Mrs. Vincy had accused him of poisoning her son. Others were of opinion that Mr. Lydgate's passing by was providential, that he was wonderfully clever in fevers, and that Bulstrode was in the right to bring him forward. Many people believed that Lydgate's coming to the town at all was really due to Bulstrode; and Mrs. Taft, who was always counting stitches, and gathered her information in misleading fragments caught between the rows of her knitting, had got it into her head that Mr. Lydgate was a natural son of Bulstrode's, a fact which seemed to justify her suspicions of evangelical laymen.

She one day communicated this piece of knowledge to Mrs. Farebrother, who did not fail to tell her son of it, observing,

"I should not be surprised at any thing in Bulstrode, but I should be sorry to think it of Mr. Lydgate."

"Why, mother," said Mr. Farebrother, after an explosive laugh, "you know very well that Lydgate is of a good family in the North. He never heard of Bulstrode before he came here."

"That is satisfactory so far as Mr. Lydgate is concerned, Camden," said the old lady, with an air of precision. "But as to Bulstrode—the report may be true of some other son."

CHAPTER XXVII.

> "Let the high Muse chant loves Olympian:
> We are but mortals, and must sing of man."

An eminent philosopher among my friends, who can dignify even your ugly furniture by lifting it into the serene light of science, has shown me this pregnant little fact. Your pier-glass or extensive surface of polished steel made to be rubbed by a house-maid will be minutely and multitudinously scratched in all directions; but place now against it a lighted candle as a centre of illumination, and lo! the scratches will seem to arrange themselves in a fine series of concentric circles round that little sun. It is demonstrable that the scratches are going every where impartially, and it is only your candle which produces the flattering illusion of a concentric arrangement, its light falling with an exclusive optical selection. These things are a parable. The scratches are events, and the candle is the egoism of any person now absent—of Miss Vincy, for example. Rosamond had a Providence of her own, who had kindly made her more charming than other girls, and who seemed to have arranged Fred's illness and Mr. Wrench's mistake in order to bring her and Lydgate within effective proximity. It would have been to contravene these arrangements if Rosamond had consented to go away to Stone Court or elsewhere, as her parents wished her to do, especially since Mr. Lydgate thought the precaution needless. Therefore, while Miss Morgan and the children were sent away to a farm-house the morning after Fred's illness had declared itself, Rosamond refused to leave papa and mamma.

Poor mamma, indeed, was an object to touch any creature born of woman; and Mr. Vincy, who doted on his wife, was more alarmed on her account than on Fred's. But for his insistance she would have taken no rest: her brightness was all bedimmed; unconscious of her costume, which had always been so fresh and gay, she was like a sick bird with languid eye and plumage ruffled, her senses dulled to the sights and sounds that used most to interest her. Fred's delirium, in which he seemed to be wandering out of her reach, tore her heart. After her first outburst against Mr. Wrench she went about very quietly: her one low cry was to Lydgate. She would follow him out of the room and put her hand on his arm, moaning out, "Save my boy." Once she pleaded: "He has always been good to me, Mr. Lydgate: he never had a hard word for his mother," as if poor Fred's suffering were an accusation against him. All the deepest fibres of the mother's memory were stirred, and the young man, whose voice took a gentler tone when he spoke to her, was one with the babe whom she had loved, with a love new to her, before he was born.

"I have good hope, Mrs. Vincy," Lydgate would say. "Come down with me and let us talk about the food." In that way he led her to the parlor where Rosamond was, and made a change for her, surprising her into taking some tea or broth which had been prepared for her. There was a constant understanding between him and Rosamond on these matters. He almost always saw her before going to the sick-room, and she appealed to him as to what she could do for mamma. Her presence of mind and adroitness in carrying out his hints were admirable, and it is not wonderful that the idea of seeing Rosamond began to mingle itself with his interest in the case, especially when the critical stage was passed, and he began to feel confident of Fred's recovery. In the more doubtful time he had advised calling in Dr. Sprague (who, if he could, would rather have remained neutral on Wrench's account); but after two consultations the conduct of the case was left to Lydgate, and there was every reason to make him assiduous. Morning and evening he was at Mr. Vincy's, and gradually the visits became cheerful as Fred became simply feeble, and lay not only in need of the utmost petting, but conscious of it, so that Mrs. Vincy felt as if, after all, the illness had made a festival for her tenderness.

Both father and mother held it an added reason for good spirits when old Mr. Featherstone sent messages by Lydgate, saying that Fred must make haste and get well, as he, Peter Featherstone, could not do without him, and missed his visits sadly. The old man himself was getting bedridden. Mrs. Vincy told these messages to Fred when he could listen, and he turned toward her his delicate, pinched face, from which all the thick blonde hair had been cut away, and in which the eyes seemed to have got larger, yearning for some word about Mary—wondering what she felt about his illness. No word passed his lips; but "to hear with eyes belongs to love's rare wit," and the mother in the fullness of her heart not only defined Fred's longing, but felt ready for any sacrifice in order to satisfy him.

"If I can only see my boy strong again," she said, in her loving folly; "and who knows?—perhaps master of Stone Court! and he can marry any body he likes then."

"Not if they won't have me, mother," said Fred. The illness had made him childish, and tears came as he spoke.

"Oh, take a bit of jelly, my dear," said Mrs. Vincy, secretly incredulous of any such refusal.

She never left Fred's side when her husband was not in the house, and thus Rosamond was in the unusual position of being much alone. Lydgate, naturally, never thought of staying long with her, yet it seemed that the brief impersonal conversations they had together were creating that peculiar intimacy which consists in shyness. They were obliged to look at each other in speaking, and somehow the looking could not be carried through as the matter of course which it really was. Lydgate began to feel this sort of consciousness unpleasant, and one day looked down, or any where, like an ill-worked puppet. But this turned out badly: the next day Rosamond looked down, and the consequence was that when their eyes met again both were more conscious than before. There was no help for this in science, and as Lydgate did not want to flirt, there seemed to be no help for it in folly. It was therefore a relief when neighbors no longer considered the house in quarantine, and when the chances of seeing Rosamond alone were very much reduced.

But that intimacy of mutual embarrassment, in which each feels that the other is feeling something, having once existed, its effect is not to be done away with. Talk about the weather and other well-bred topics is apt to seem a hollow device, and behavior can hardly become easy unless it frankly recognizes a mutual fascination—which of course need not mean any thing deep or serious. This was the way in which Rosamond and Lydgate slid gracefully into ease, and made their intercourse lively again. Visitors came and went as usual, there was once more music in the drawing-room, and all the extra hospitality of Mr. Vincy's mayoralty returned. Lydgate, whenever he could, took his seat by Rosamond's side, and lingered to hear her music, calling himself her captive—meaning all the while not to be her captive. The preposterousness of the notion that he could at once set up a satisfactory establishment as a married man was a sufficient guarantee against danger. This play at being a little in love was agreeable, and did not interfere with graver pursuits. Flirtation, after all, was not necessarily a singeing process. Rosamond, for her part, had never enjoyed the days so much in her life before: she was sure of being admired by some one worth captivating, and she did not distinguish flirtation from love, either in herself or in another. She seemed to be sailing with a fair wind just whither she would go, and her thoughts were much occupied with a handsome house in Lowick Gate which she hoped would by-and-by be vacant. She was quite determined, when she was married, to rid herself adroitly of all the visitors who were not agreeable to her at her father's; and she imagined the drawing-room in her favorite house with various styles of furniture.

Certainly her thoughts were much occupied with Lydgate himself; he seemed to her almost perfect: if he had known his notes so that his enchantment under her music had been less like an emotional elephant's, and if he had been able to discriminate better the refinements of her taste in dress, she could hardly have mentioned a deficiency in him. How different he was from young Plymdale or Mr. Caius Larcher! Those young men had not a notion of French, and could speak on no subject with striking knowledge, except perhaps the dyeing and carrying trades, which of course they were ashamed to mention; they were Middlemarch gentry, elated with their silver-headed whips and satin stocks, but embarrassed in their manners, and timidly jocose: even Fred was above them, having at least the accent and manner of a university man. Whereas Lydgate was always listened to, bore himself with the careless politeness of conscious superiority, and seemed to have the right clothes on by a certain natural affinity, without ever having to think about them. Rosamond was proud when he entered the room, and when he approached her with a distinguishing smile, she had a delicious sense that she was the object of enviable homage. If Lydgate had been aware of all the pride he excited in that delicate bosom, he might have been just as well pleased as any other man, even the most densely ignorant of humoral pathology or fibrous tissue: he held it one of the prettiest attitudes of the feminine mind to adore a man's pre-eminence without too precise a knowledge of what it consisted in.

But Rosamond was not one of those helpless girls who betray themselves unawares, and whose behavior is awkwardly driven by their impulses, instead of being steered by wary grace and propriety. Do you imagine that her rapid forecast and rumination concerning house-furniture and society were ever discernible in her conversation, even with her mamma? On the contrary, she would have expressed the prettiest surprise and disapprobation if she had heard that another young lady had been detected in that immodest prematureness—indeed, would probably have disbelieved in its possibility. For Rosamond never showed any unbecoming knowledge, and was always that combination of correct sentiments, music, dancing, drawing, elegant note-writing, private album for extracted verse, and perfect blonde loveliness, which made the irresistible woman for the doomed man of that date. Think no unfair evil of her, pray: she had no wicked plots, nothing sordid or mercenary; in fact, she never thought of money except as something necessary which other people would always provide. She was not in the habit of devising falsehoods, and if her statements were no direct clew to fact, why, they were not intended in that light—they were among her elegant accomplishments, intended to please. Nature had inspired many arts in finishing Mrs. Lemon's favorite pupil, who by general consent (Fred's excepted) was a rare compound of beauty, cleverness, and amiability.

Lydgate found it more and more agreeable to be with her, and there was no constraint now, there was a delightful interchange of influence in their eyes, and what they said had that superfluity of meaning for them which is observable with some sense of flatness by a third person; still, they had had no interviews or asides from which a third person need have been excluded. In fact, they flirted; and Lydgate was secure in the belief that they did nothing else. If a man could not love and be wise, surely he could flirt and be wise at the same time? Really, the men at Middlemarch, except Mr. Farebrother, were great bores, and Lydgate did not care about commercial politics or cards: what was he to do for relaxation? He was often invited to the Bulstrodes'; but the girls there were hardly out of the school-room; and Mrs. Bulstrode's *naïve* way of conciliating piety and worldliness, the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass, the consciousness at once of filthy rags and the best damask, was not a sufficient relief from the weight of her husband's invariable seriousness. The Vincys' house, with all its faults, was the pleasantest by contrast; besides, it nourished Rosamond—sweet to look at as a half-opened blush-rose, and adorned with accomplishments for the refined amusement of man.

But he made some enemies, other than medical, by his success with Miss Vincy. One evening he came into the drawing-room rather late, when several other visitors were there. The card-table had drawn off the elders, and Mr. Ned Plymdale (one of the good matches in Middlemarch, though not one of its leading minds) was in *tête-à-tête* with Rosamond. He had brought the last "Keepsake," the gorgeous watered silk publication which marked modern progress at that time; and he considered himself very fortunate that he could be the first to look over it with her, dwelling on the ladies and gentlemen with shiny copper-plate cheeks and copper-plate smiles, and pointing to comic verses as capital, and sentimental stories as interesting. Rosamond was gracious, and Mr. Ned was satisfied that he had the very best thing in art and literature as a medium for "paying addresses"—the very thing to please a nice girl. He had also reasons, deep rather than ostensible, for being satisfied with his own appearance. To superficial observers his chin had too vanishing an aspect, looking as if it were being gradually reabsorbed. And it did indeed cause him some difficulty about the fit of his satin stocks, for which chins were at that time useful.

"I think the Honorable Mrs. S—— is something like you," said Mr. Ned. He kept the book open at the bewitching portrait, and looked at it rather languishingly.

"Her back is very large; she seems to have sat for that," said Rosamond, not meaning any satire, but thinking how red young Plymdale's hands were, and wondering why Lydgate did not come. She went on with her tatting all the while.

"I did not say she was as beautiful as you are," said Mr. Ned, venturing to look from the portrait to its rival.

"I suspect you of being an adroit flatterer," said Rosamond, feeling sure that she should have to reject this young gentleman a second time.

But now Lydgate came in; the book was closed before he reached Rosamond's corner, and as he took his seat with easy confidence on the other side of her, young Plymdale's jaw fell like a barometer toward the cheerless side of change. Rosamond enjoyed not only Lydgate's presence, but its effect: she liked to excite jealousy.

"What a late comer you are!" she said, as they shook hands. "Mamma had given you up a little while ago. How do you find Fred?"

"As usual; going on well, but slowly. I want him to go away—to Stone Court, for example. But your mamma seems to have some objection."

"Poor fellow!" said Rosamond, prettily. "You will see Fred so changed," she added, turning to the other suitor. "We have looked to Mr. Lydgate as our guardian angel during this illness."

Mr. Ned smiled nervously, while Lydgate, drawing the "Keepsake" toward him and opening it, gave a short scornful laugh and tossed up his chin, as if in wonderment at human folly.

"What are you laughing at so profanely?" said Rosamond, with bland neutrality.

"I wonder which would turn out to be the silliest—the engravings or the writing here," said Lydgate, in his most convinced tone, while he turned over the pages quickly, seeming to see all through the book in no time, and showing his large white hands to much advantage, as Rosamond thought. "Do look at this bridegroom coming out of church: did you ever see such a 'sugared invention'—as the Elizabethans used to say? Did any haberdasher ever look so smirking? Yet I will answer for it the story makes him one of the first gentlemen in the land."

"You are so severe I am frightened at you," said Rosamond, keeping her amusement duly moderate. Poor young Plymdale had lingered with admiration over this very engraving, and his spirit was stirred.

"There are a great many celebrated people writing in the 'Keepsake,' at all events," he said, in a tone at once piqued and timid. "This is the first time I've heard it called silly."

"I think I shall turn round on you and accuse you of being a Goth," said Rosamond, looking at Lydgate with a smile. "I suspect you know nothing about Lady Blessington and L. E. L." Rosamond herself was not without relish for these writers, but she did not readily commit herself by admiration, and was alive to the slightest hint that any thing was not, according to Lydgate, in the very highest taste.

"But Sir Walter Scott—I suppose Mr. Lydgate knows him," said young Plymdale, a little cheered by this advantage.

"Oh, I read no literature now," said Lydgate, shutting the book and pushing it away. "I read so much when I was a lad that I suppose it will last me all my life. I used to know Scott's poems by heart."

"I should like to know when you left off," said Rosamond; "because then I might be sure that I knew something which you did not know."

"Mr. Lydgate would say that was not worth knowing," said Mr. Ned, purposely caustic.

"On the contrary," said Lydgate, showing no smart, but smiling with exasperating confidence at Rosamond. "It would be worth knowing by the fact that Miss Vincy could tell it me."

Young Plymdale soon went to look at the whist-playing, thinking that Lydgate was one of the most conceited, unpleasant fellows it had ever been his ill fortune to meet.

"How rash you are!" said Rosamond, inwardly delighted. "Do you see that you have given offense?"

"What—is it Mr. Plymdale's book? I am sorry. I didn't think about it."

"I shall begin to admit what you said of yourself when you first came here—that you are a bear, and want teaching by the birds."

"Well, there is a bird who can teach me what she will. Don't I listen to her willingly?"

To Rosamond it seemed as if she and Lydgate were as good as engaged. That they were some time to be engaged had long been an idea in her mind; and ideas, we know, tend to a more solid kind of existence, the necessary materials being at hand. It is true, Lydgate had the counter idea of remaining unengaged; but this was a mere negative, a shadow cast by other resolves which themselves were capable of shrinking. Circumstance was almost sure to be on the side of Rosamond's idea, which had a shaping activity and looked through watchful blue eyes, whereas Lydgate's lay blind and unconcerned as a jelly-fish which gets melted without knowing it.

That evening when he went home he looked at his phials, to see how a process of maceration was going on, with undisturbed interest; and he wrote out his daily notes with as much precision as usual. The reveries from which it was difficult for him to detach himself were ideal constructions of something else than Rosamond's virtues, and the primitive tissue was still his fair unknown. Moreover, he was beginning to feel some zest for the growing though half-suppressed feud between him and the other medical men, which was likely to become more manifest, now that Bulstrode's method of managing the new hospital was about to be declared; and there were various inspiriting signs that his non-acceptance by some of Peacock's patients might be counterbalanced by the impression he had produced in other quarters. Only a few days later, when he had happened to overtake Rosamond on the Lowick Road and had got down from his horse to walk by her side until he had quite protected her from a passing drove, he had been stopped by a servant on horseback with a message calling him in to a house of some importance where Peacock had never attended; and it was the second instance of this kind. The servant was Sir James Chettam's, and the house was Lowick Manor.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

THE RHEIMS AND EPERNAY OF AMERICA.

It would be difficult to conceive a more perfect counterpart of the Champagne-producing region of France than is presented in the vicinity of Hammondsport, a picturesque town of Steuben County, in this State, of which we give sketches on page 372.

The trend of hill formation, varying but little from east and west, is broken by cross ridges of curious regularity into vineyard sites naturally drained and of perfect exposure. The soil, resembling closely that of the favorite vineyards of Rheims or Epernay, is a light loam, covered almost out of sight by a brownish-gray chalk-stone of small size, the disintegration of which has furnished rare food for the luxuriant vines which cover mile after mile of hill-side.

For many years this vicinity was regarded as peculiarly adapted to the production of a singularly fruity grape and vines of invariable healthfulness. The sulphur and other cures so extensively practiced in the Ohio Valley and other less favored sections of our country are things totally unnecessary here, where the temperature is regular and the air devoid of moisture, which is fatal to the perfection of grapes. At Bath, a town located within a distance of six or seven miles from the finest vineyards of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, fogs are frequent, and the vines grown at that point sadly bear witness to the fact that a foggy climate gives but a poor grape crop.

In 1860, after a series of careful experiments as to the character of grape best suited to the present vineyards, and the capacity of the grape for the production of a superior quality of wine, it was determined to organize a wine company and erect complete buildings, in which was to be made the best wine which the grape would afford. To this end—the Pleasant Valley Wine Company formed—no expense was spared either in securing the most accomplished vineyardists and wine-handlers or in necessary machinery for the work. The most scrupulous care was exercised in each department, and cleanliness seems the golden letter.

Among others, Mr. Jules Masson, a gentleman educated in one of the most successful wine-cellars of the Champagne districts of the Marne, was employed. The cellars of Prince Metternich, Johannisberg, have their bride; that of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company has its emperor. It would seem as if this curiously versed man knew the chemical atoms in each cask (it is said that he does), the moment at which each must be looked after to check or hasten fermentation, and so to the end of a long list of wine-work, the ability to accomplish which is not only the result of education, but of a perfect love for a labor which, with such a character, is but little short of a fine art. He is personally responsible for the condition of each cask and, one might say, bottle. The president, Mr. D. C. Howell, or C. D. Champlin, the secretary and treasurer, who exercises general control at the vineyards and wine-cellar, will wait patiently "until Jules comes" before the bung of any cask is knocked out, or a particular vintage is inspected. But the scene changes as you leave the cellar and enter the office. Jules is no longer imperial. There is a tacit line, resembling that drawn by sailors for'ard, which the quarter-deck people pass not without paying their footing. Mr. Champlin occupies the throne here, and has full charge. It is to him that the company is indebted for careful work in the selection of bottles, corks, and all the little etceteras of outside business, upon which as much depends as upon Mr. Masson's perfect work in the cellar. Not satisfied with buying the very best material, Mr. Champlin demands a careful test of each vintage or bottling as it is fit for market. Thus he is absolutely certain there can be no blemish. Time and money are expended in tests, which have proved a source of strength to the company. Samples of each bottling (some dozens) are placed in compartments heated to a certain temperature, and kept for weeks, sometimes months. If corks are faulty, the heat dries them, and when, upon examination, they come out in a shape technically known as pin, that bottling is gone over. Thus it is throughout the entire work.

The company devotes its principal attention to sparkling or Champagne wine, though numerous excellent still wines are grown and produced, as well as a small quantity of brandy, which, though pure, is seldom used except for medicinal purposes; the reason for this being absence of oil cognac and other customary additions to suit the palate of the habitué of bar-rooms.

It is curious that American workmen have never succeeded in combining the feldspar, lime, iron slag, and salt used abroad in the manufacture of Champagne bottles in a manner to produce a satisfactory result; but such is the case: all Champagne bottles are imported. Much of the Champagne, so called, sold in this country is a cheap compound, which, if not positively injurious, can hardly be called healthy—made of any thing from turnip juice to cider, and charged from a receiver containing oil of vitrol and marble dust at a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch. American-made bottles will not withstand this. Think, then, of the pressure averaging thirty atmospheres, or sometimes forty (600 pounds to the square inch), and it will be easily discovered that nothing but the best material would successfully contain such a giant.

Let us go back to Pleasant Valley. The vines are trained upon trellises made of galvanized wire supported by posts at necessary distances. They are pruned exceedingly short, and somewhat later than is customary in this country. Much of the tying and vine-training is done by women. "The picking" is a harvest-time for daughters of farmers in the vicinity, the wages being about one dollar per day. The grapes are carefully inspected, bunch by bunch, as they are picked. Thence they go to a mill, which crushes rather than grinds. From thence the pulp descends to presses, from which the grape juice flows into a tub acting as a funnel for vast casks in the cellar. Here the different tests and examinations are made with a view of classification. Choice casks are selected, and inferior ones are put by for development. Masson is busy just now, and his eyes sparkle as he finds something unusually rich, to eventually send forth as a choice Champagne: "Paris Exposition," "Carte Blanche," or "Great Western." The latter is his pride.

Now work commences. When the wine is fit (for Champagne) it is bottled and sent to the cellar, company for thousands of bottles which have preceded, and placed in racks. The bottles being in a position nearly horizontal, day by day each one is handled; "a twist of the wrist," nothing more, works the sediment, grape-stone, etc., down toward the cork, as upon each handling the bottle is brought more nearly vertical, cork down. Now it is ready for the finishing, known in the Marne as dégorgée, which is simply uncorking and discharging, by a skillful movement, the sediment which handling has worked on the cork. The wine is then charged with sirup, the ingredients of which are sirup of rock-candy fortified with a trifle of perfectly pure spirit. It is a custom of cellar-men in France to add to this compound, for the very finest Champagnes, such substances as Cognac spirit, cream of tartar, etc. Mr. Masson does not find this essential, and utterly refuses to trick his wine. Purity is his desideratum.

The wine is now recorked in the most perfect manner, samples being kept continually under test, that the actual condition of each lot may be known to a certainty when sent to customers.

The success of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company is due to constant care and watchfulness; but parasites have sprung up in its immediate vicinity, which affect as nearly as possible the name of the vineyards without laying themselves open to the clutches of the law. An amusing instance is related, that at the annual dinner of the company Mr. Masson brought out different brands of wine, but none of a particular kind. The president, Mr. Howell, demanded the reason. Whereupon the superintendent stated that but a very few gallons of the wine had been made in this country, as but few vines were in existence, and this wine was to be used strictly for experiments. "Strange," remarked the president; "they are selling that wine in Bath" (six miles away) "for a dollar a bottle, in quantities." So within a few miles parties are engaged in compounding wines in imitation of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company's choicest stock.

The Champagne district of France produces but thirteen million bottles of sparkling wine per annum, of which three million bottles are usually marketed in America. It is with this importation that the Pleasant Valley Wine Company desires competition, and how they have succeeded may be known from a public test in which some of their wines and selections from the private stock of Montibello, Roederer, Mumms, etc., were placed unknown before experienced tasters, who unhesitatingly awarded the palm to the "Great Western"—a favorite brand of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company: a pleasant tribute to American thrift and enterprise.

Mr. Champlin laughingly remarks that Masson had cold quail and "Great Western" for lunch when he heard the award.

From this it must not be understood that the company claims wine superior in quality to the best brands of European wine, but it does insist that it has perfect soil and climate for the production of grapes which, with judicious handling, will produce wine as fine as any grown upon the hill-sides of the Marne.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Artemus Ward in one of his letters thus gives his ideas of reorganization: "I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt to do it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' to several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their health until my own was affected. Consekence was, I presented myself to Betsy's bedside late at night with considerable liquor concealed about my person. I had somehow got possession of a hosswhip on my way, and rememberin' some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapped the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice I said: 'Betsy, you need organizin'. I have come, Betsy,' I continued, crackin' the whip over the bed—'I have come to reorganize you.' I dreamed that night that somebody laid a hosswhip across me several times, and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of any thing since; and if I have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out."

The Largest Species of Ants—Eleph-ants.

A little boy accosted his political papa, one of the grave Senate, last week thus: "Papa, are you growing still?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair." The poor politician is getting bald.

Educated on a Sound Basis—The drummer.

A wolf went into a Duluth church the other Sunday, and was so much affected that before he got out he was converted—into a corpse.

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes. Especially those of wasps and bees."

Horticultural Phenomenon—A Bushman.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

A Matter of Course—Racing.

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh no; I never knew any body named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, call him Salt Peter, then."

The Last Appeal—A shoe-maker's strike.

A Kentucky legislator sent up the following memorandum to the clerk: "Leeve is asked to bring in A Bill to altar the time for the Legislater to meat. Referred to the comity on Religen."

When opposite neighbors quarrel, they can never come to a proper understanding, because they argue from different *premises*.

Twisted hemp cures felons.

The last joke at the expense of H. G. reports that "in an agricultural essay on tobacco he asserts that the fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tin-foil is stripped from the growing bud early in the spring, and that plug-tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked off with the hand."

Bits of Frontier Life—Scalps.

When Autumn is married to Winter, the wedding-cake is always frosted.

A lady who loved Bulwer entered a bookstore just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see 'What Will He Do With It?'" said she to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you'll step to the window you will probably see him sling it into the back lot."

A "Fast Life"—Married life.

The question at a country tea-party turning on the impropriety of mixing up cake with a pinch of snuff in the fingers, a lad remarked that he had seen his mother do it, and never drop a bit of snuff. "Why, my son," said the lady, "how can you lie so?" "Well, mother," he replied, "maybe you did drop just a little."

A Stage Coach—A prompter.

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make him holler.

A Bath for Every Body—Sab-bath.

An incorrigible bachelor created a sensation in a company of ladies by saying, "I have a wife in my eye;" but the sensation subsided when it was observed he was looking at the wife of another man.

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it. "But how if your friends see it?" inquired he. "Ah! but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you; so they won't know it."

The Priest-hood—The cowl.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones, "I suppose any thing is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

A Notice of a Peal—Lightning.

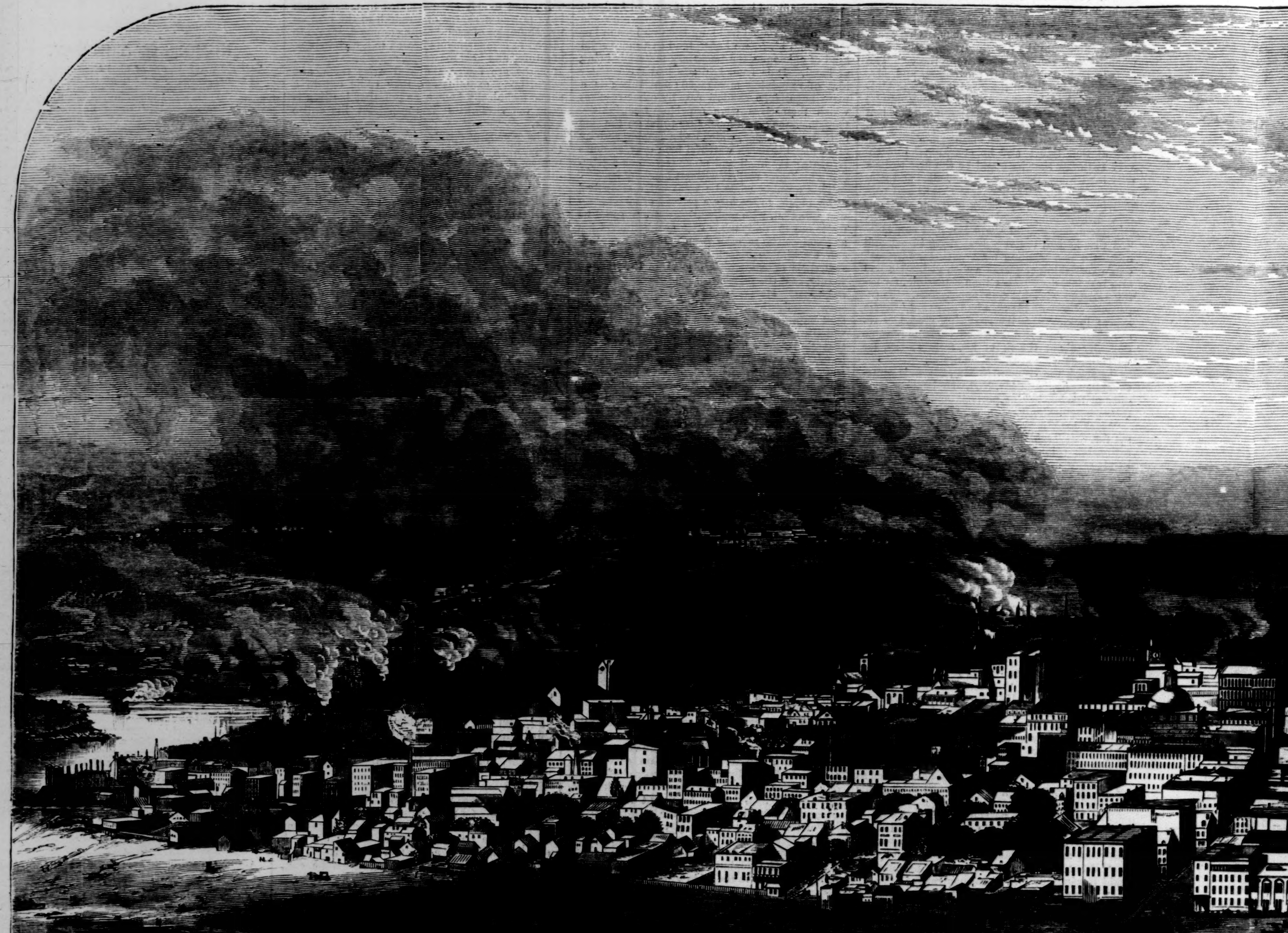
"Hallo, Jake, where did you buy those fish?" "I didn't buy 'em." "Well, where did you get them?" "I hooked 'em."

A member of the House, speaking of a fortunate fellow-member, remarked, recently, "I'd rather have his luck than a license to steal."

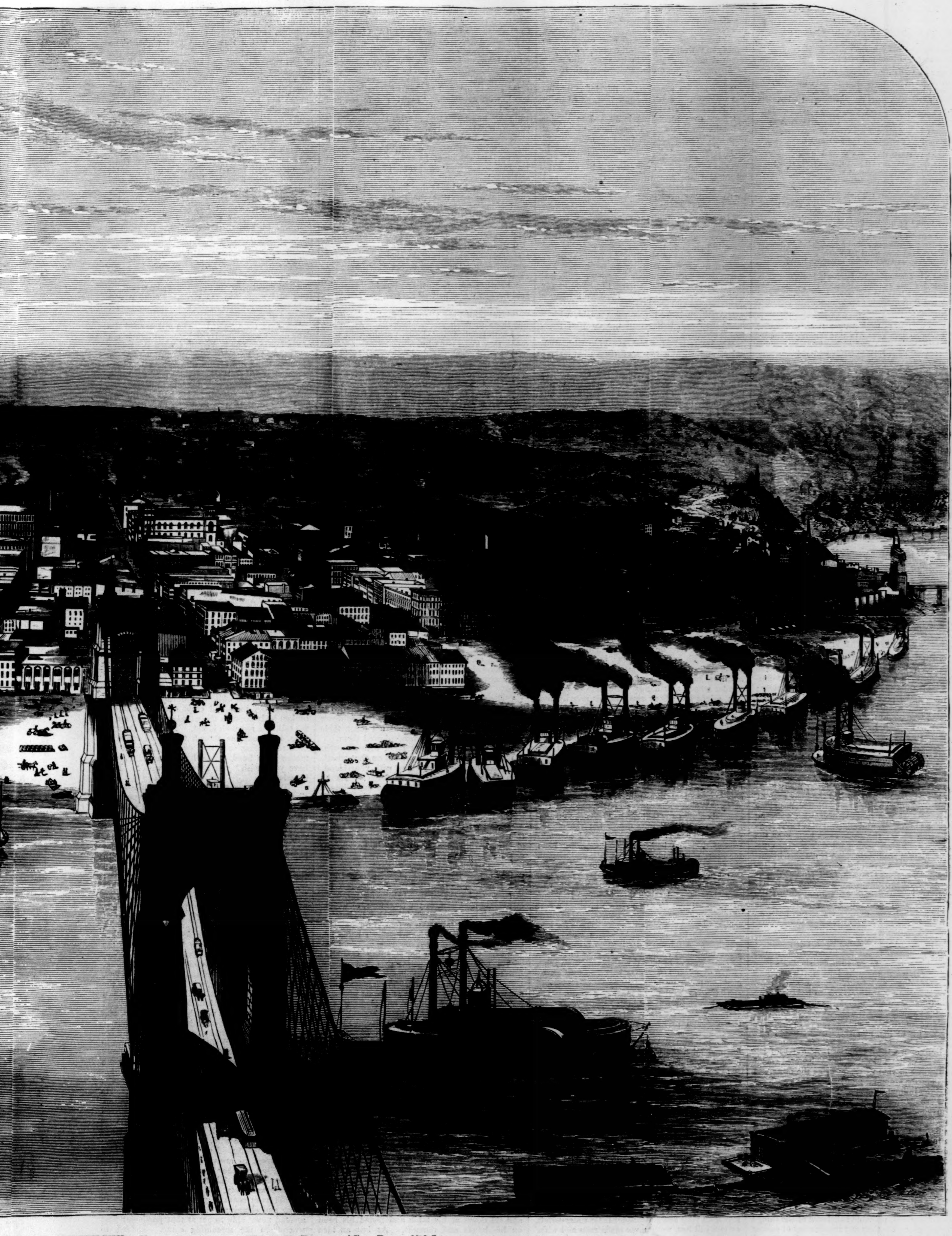
Relative Beauty—A pretty cousin.

The first sun-shade was an eclipse.

The Rev. John Brown courted a lady upward of six years, and was so singularly modest and bashful that he had never ventured to kiss her. One day it occurred to him that it would not be a bad thing to do. So, it is recorded, he said: "Janet, my woman, we've been acquainted now for six years, an'—an'—I've never got a kiss yet. D'ye think I may take one, my bonnie lass?" The reply was wonderfully characteristic of the Scottish maiden. "Just as ye like, John," said she; "only be becoming and proper wi' it." "Surely, Janet," said John; "we'll ask a blessin'." The blessing was asked, and the kiss exchanged. "Oh, woman," said the enraptured but still devoted minister—"oh, woman, but it was gude! We'll noo return thanks." And they did.



CINCINNATI, OHIO, "THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST," FROM COVINGTON



VINGTON, KENTUCKY.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 373.]

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

I.

Sing with me, laugh with me, sister Spring!
Oh! we are happy, we two, to-day!
Are we two, or the self-same thing?
Thou and I, O beautiful May?

I thrill as a leaf to the circling air:
The blood in my veins is like sap in the vine:
The wild bees follow my floating hair,
Made sweet with buds for this lover of mine.

Frame me in light for his eyes anew!
Does the earth shrink under your gaze, O sky?
I am fair as a flower; I am fresh as the dew:
We are young together, the year and I.

Heavens! to think there can come a time
When the sense is dull and the pulse is slow!
To stand, in the spring-tide's golden prime,
The single blot on the whole great glow!

Poor madame yonder, with all her gold
She is pale and wrinkled, and old and alone;
She is less alive than the mossy mould
That clings to the top of that buried stone.

I never can be like that, I know.
We have years on years of our youth's bright flower;
And if ever my love must let him go,
I shall drop and die in the self-same hour.

Hark! he is coming! The faint winds sigh
Before his feet to bring him soon!
While over us both, in the warm blue sky,
The sun goes quivering up to noon.

II.

One may venture to trust the sun to-day:
There is warmth at last in that seeming blaze.
At last!—already the midst of May!
So backward the springs are nowadays!

What do I see by the terrace there,
That dazzles so white on the slope of green?
It is little Laure, with flowers in her hair?
Ah yes: to-day she is just sixteen.

Poor silly baby! I understand
What keeps you loitering there alone:
Each bough in your path an outstretched hand,
And every whisper a lover's tone.

You fancy, perhaps, in your giddy youth,
I can never have dreamed such dreams as you?
Eh, child? I have had my May, forsooth!
Fairer than yours while it lasted, too.

To think that the time has been when even
I, too, was a fool in Paradise!
When the spring was the year, and the earth a heaven,
And heaven itself was in two blue eyes!

Only sixteen! Such a weary round
Before she can find what the whole is worth!
Her Garden of Eden common ground,
And her idol himself but a lump of earth.

Ah, well! like the rest she must live and learn.
The flower of youth must wither and fall;
The fire of love to its ashes burn;
For me—thank Heaven! I have done with it all.

A MILL-DEVIL.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I threw myself down in the cool, deep-tinted grass of a sequestered gorge. Overhead the branches of a gigantic oak-tree, veiled by dancing leaves, rustled and murmured soothingly; and down the precipitous slope in front leaped and foamed a tumultuous brook, whose voice mingled harmoniously with the whisperings of the oak. I could almost believe, as I closed my eyes, that some one was talking in low, melodious tones.

The brook, after hurrying through a deep, narrow cleft in the ridge of the opposing slope, came with full force down upon a huge water-wheel. The wheel was evidently an antique; many years had passed since it had worked the busy mill, of which a disjointed heap of foundation stones alone remained. It was tangled over with creeping vines and brambles, and adorned with moist ferns and green moss; the rank grass bent over the tail-race as if peering after some concealed mystery. Nature seemed to have made this instrument of man's necessities into a unique plaything for herself. Or perhaps, I mused, this is the wheel of Fortune, who, wearying of it, has left it here in the care of Nature, amidst the sedge and spray of the water-fall, and has gone on her way without it. So we are to have no ups and downs in life hereafter—all one smooth, level plain, unchecked by darkness and uncheered by light. Ah, no! come back, fair goddess; for thy fickleness is the life-blood of our truth! Come back once more to this shady, sunny gorge, and wrest thy wheel from the clinging grasp of vines and brambles, the arms with which reluctant Nature strives to hold it back! bring it out once again upon the dusty road, and turn it as you go, lest the sluggish hearts of men should cease to beat, and they forget to draw the very breath of life, and their souls, torpid and uninspired, grovel upon the earth, nor ever strive to climb above themselves! How much of joy and grief, of life and death, have clustered round the turning of that wheel, even as the ferns and vines cluster around it now! Methinks even yet I feel the influence upon me.

"Perhaps there may be more truth than poetry in your remarks," observed my companion, though I was not conscious of having spoken aloud. "The tragedies of our daily lives," he continued, in a tone which, while singularly soft and musical, told of one who had seen, sinned, and suffered until hope was burned to ashes, "often appear in some way to instill their spirit, as it were, into things we call inanimate. You have shuddered at the thumb-screws and iron Virgin of medieval times, or been horror-stricken at sight of the guillotine and the gallows; but was it not the actual, palpable substance of the things themselves, rather than any recollection of scenes in which they had borne a part, that really affected you? You have felt the working of a weird and ghastly power, referable only to the seemingly inanimate object, but springing from the essence of hatred, revenge, and despair that ever filled the air about it, and which, sinking into its solid substance, gradually became concentrated into a devilish intelligence, endowed with capability to infect you with its own fearful nature, and, if you removed not yourself from its sway, ultimately to accomplish your destruction—moral, if not also physical."

"But are we conscious of this influence unless we are aware beforehand that, and wherefore, it exists?" I asked.

"Your own reflections in regard to yonder old mill-wheel should throw light upon that question," responded the voice of my companion. "Look at it a while again, and mark if it does not answer you."

Thus urged, I fixed my eyes steadily upon the wheel, and let them rest there. Gradually, as I gazed, an indefinable sensation of dread seemed to be stealing over me. No longer merely a half-decayed picturesque ruin, it grew instinct with a grisly terror, all the more impressive from the contrast afforded by the cheerful flecks of sunlight and the green and glancing leaves. Now the plash of the clear water sounded like the stealthy drip of blood, and strange shadows seemed to flit and fade before my eyes. The warm June breeze came laden with a chill, unhallowed essence that stirred the roots of my hair with a creeping horror. I pressed my hands over my eyes and shuddered.

"Ah!" exclaimed the voice again, with a laugh half sad, half scornful, "do you, then, feel it already?"

"What is it?" I asked, speaking with difficulty, and with a sense of oppression at my heart. "Can you tell me of it?"

"No one so well," replied my companion: "and it was in order that you might listen to the tale that you were drawn hither, albeit unconsciously to yourself."

So I lay at length upon the greensward, and my eyes were closed, yet could I plainly see, sitting at my side, a gloomy, gray-faced figure, with deep wrinkles scored upon his hollow cheeks, and round his stern mouth and sunken eyes and thoughtful forehead. Speaking in a tone that wavered between satire and pathos, he began:

"Fifty years or more ago this mill, little as there is now left of it, was a very prosperous concern. The miller, a widower, was an upright and industrious man, with a good reputation for fair dealing and fine flour. He was looked up to, moreover, among his neighbors, as one possessing an exceptional amount of learning and refinement. In demeanor he was somewhat grave and taciturn, and he might have been between forty and fifty years of age. His son, a fine, handsome young fellow, assisted him in the mill; he had built himself a little cottage on the further slope of the hill yonder, whence he came every morning to his work, crossing the brook by a single-plank bridge, thrown across that deep rocky gully opposite, through which the water rushes to its fall. It was a slender affair enough, and they often spoke of building a little stone arch over the chasm; but it was never done. It would seem a matter of slight import; and yet, had that purpose been accomplished, yonder wheel, that hangs there now so motionless, might have been revolving as merrily and busily as ever. For the worst devil is opportunity."

"And how does that concern the matter?" I would have asked; but a strange powerlessness had overcome me: as in a dream, I could not speak, nor even lift my head to question my companion with my eyes. The voice continued:

"One day there was an addition to the miller's household—a fair young girl, beautiful and fresh, simple and sweet, like spring weather made tangible. Whence she came no one could say: the general opinion was that she had been the daughter of an old friend now dead, but the miller, whenever he was questioned, smiled and answered that she had risen one morning from the deep, clear pool above the fall, and though she seemed no more than an unusually charming young woman, was in reality a water-witch, and would one day return to her natural abode, and leave him more desolate than before. In proof of this assertion he was wont to produce a sort of chain or necklace, prettily constructed of small shells, which he declared she had made for him previous to her appearance above water, and which was a talisman destined to bring him to great happiness or misery, according to the use he should make of it. Whether this were truth or fiction, there, at any rate, was the sweet young girl, making the mill a store-house of cheer and sunshine, as well as of meal and grain. The miller became quite illuminated and rejuvenated, and his prosperity was great, either by virtue of the charmed necklace, or, which amounted to the same thing, because all the neighborhood was captivated by the little water-witch. And she testified all a daughter's affection for him, and for a season all went well."

In speaking of this young girl the tones of my companion's voice had flowed along in harmonious cadences, as though the tuneful freshness of her personality had so inspired his antique imagination as to throw a faded ray of sunlight into his shadowy heart. But now he spoke with changed accent, as if an ancient bitterness were seeking utterance.

"A neighboring farmer, coming one day to the mill with a load of grain, said, laying his hand with ponderous friendship on the miller's shoulder:

"'So there's to be a wedding at your house ere long—eh, old friend? Well, I give you joy with all my heart; for a finer lad and a sweeter lass than your son and yonder little water-witch, as you call her, were never made man and wife.'

"But the miller started, and frowned, and turned away. How was it that the sunshine seemed to mock him, and the pleasant plash of the water falling upon the wheel jarred his nerves and irritated him? At this moment a burst of cheery laughter came echoing down from above the fall, mingled with the full tones of a manly voice. At that he turned and entered his room, threw himself down in a chair, his head on the table, and writhed with overmastering despair and bitterness. Then he put his hand into his bosom and drew forth the necklace of shells.

"'This to me, and her heart to him,' he muttered, with set teeth. 'Fool! not to see and stop it before it was too late! She's lost forever; and never knew, or cared not, if I loved her. His boyish, unthinking, ignorant fancy she values more than the strength and depth of such a love as mine. But love or not,' he cried, starting up, 'he shall not have her! Curse him! I'd rather see him dead, and her, than man and wife.'

"When he had said that he stopped and listened. Was not that the sound of mocking, jeering laughter? But in another moment he drew a breath, and laughed somewhat nervously. It was only the mill-wheel creaking a little on its axle. A little oil would set that all right.

"Meanwhile the girl and the young man sat together on the margin of the pool, and discussed whether each other's eyes or the water were the clearer.

"'Father says you used to live in this pool,' said he, smiling at her. 'Do you ever intend to go back thither?'

"'Not until I see you come floating down the fall there to fetch me,' replied she. And then they both laughed, but shivered at the same moment, they knew not why.

"'I shall speak to father to-morrow,' said he, and put his arm around her waist. 'Why, by this time next year we shall be old married people!' She hid her blush on his shoulder: his arms seemed to be her only refuge from him. Just then a harsh, discordant sound struck upon their ears, causing them to start uneasily.

"'What was it?' asked the girl, with a slight tremor in her voice. 'Was that a laugh or a groan?'

"'Nothing but a rusty axle,' he replied, kissing her reassuringly. But as he strode homeward across the field his face was serious, and he did not whistle as usual.

"As for the girl, she clambered down the steep path, met the miller at the door, kissed him as was her wont, and so to bed. But she rested uneasily, and there was a burning pain in her right cheek. It was where his lips had touched her, but she never thought of that.

"And the miller slept not at all, but paced up and down his room, and at last opened the door and went out into the night. There stood the wheel, black and silent, like a sullen enemy waiting for him. For a long time he stood gazing at it, bound by a strange fascination. It seemed as if the evil in his heart were attracted by some kindred spirit in the wheel, dragging down his whole nature with a power at once irresistible and detestable. Finally he tore himself away, and regained his room; but the wrinkles had deepened on his face, and his eyes were hollow and blood-shot. He was something quite different already from the miller of the morning before.

"The next day the miller and his son sat on the bench in the sun, close to where the great wheel revolved, and the white foam rushed down the tail-race. But the sun did not reach their hearts. A heavy cloud overshadowed them.

"'Never!' said the old man, with an oath. 'I'd rather see your body broken on that wheel, and yonder white foam tinged with your blood, than know you were her husband!' As he spoke the wheel broke forth once more into a discordant scream, as of devilish merriment. It had grown rusty again. The young man rose, with a frown on his brow and lips firmly set.

"'So be it!' he said. 'But she is mine in this world and the next. And what she has given you will, by your misuse of it, become the very means of your destruction!' So saying he turned, and climbed the steep path, and disappeared across the plank bridge. The old man gazed after him in silence. 'What she has given you!' he repeated. 'Does he mean the talismanic necklace, or the filial love, of which, perhaps, it is but the symbol?' Then he laughed scornfully. 'I talk like a fool,' said he, 'believing the fantastic tales whereby I baffle idle curiosity!'

"The young girl, who, standing trembling within, had heard the words that had passed, fled to her room, locked the door, and flung herself weeping on the bed. Yet her tears were not so bitter as the dry eyes of the old man.

"Thereafter the miller's household was as gloomy as it had heretofore been cheerful. The son came no more to the mill, and the girl moved about silent and pale-faced. But one day the miller, who watched her closely, saw an unwonted flush on her cheeks, and she seemed preoccupied and abstracted. The same afternoon, as he was standing by the wheel, he looked upward toward the fall, and saw her standing on the plank bridge and waving her handkerchief as if to one at a distance. And from her handkerchief, as she waved it, he saw fall a small fold of white paper. It dropped into the stream, hurried down to the wheel, which caught it up and whirled it round as if in triumph, and cast it in the foam at his feet. He picked it up and unfolded it. It was a note from his son to the girl, bidding her wait for him that night by the mill-wheel, and that he would take her where they could be married and happy. As he read, an evil smile broke out on his face. When he had finished it he went into the house slowly, and sat down at his table and rested his head on his hands and thought. At last an idea seemed to strike him. He got up and began to move about the house, looking behind doors, in out-of-the-way corners, and on high shelves: he was searching for something, evidently. After a while he found what he sought—nothing but a rusty old handsaw. He took it into his chamber, and sharpened and oiled it.

"None of the three slept that night. The mill was not stopped off as usual at sundown; the miller, remarking he had an extra job on hand, announced his intention of keeping it running till morning. Shortly after dark he went out quietly by himself, empty-handed, to all appearances; but he carried something buttoned up underneath his coat. The girl took the opportunity to collect together whatever belonged to her and pack it into a small bundle; then she sat down by the window and waited. Once, through the din of the mill-wheel, she thought she heard a grating sound, faint but sharp, coming apparently from the direction of the plank bridge over the fall; but it soon ceased and was forgotten. Not long after the miller returned, pale and haggard, and crept silently into his room. A great tremor had taken possession of him; he shuddered perpetually from head to foot, and his very teeth chattered. He tried to lie down and rest, but could not; he paced the room uneasily, occasionally pausing to listen intently. Once he had his hand upon the door, as if about to rush forth and— But ere he could throw it open a fearful sound as of screaming laughter echoed through the house; he staggered back and sank into his chair. Pooh! it was only that rusty wheel again, sounding the louder because of the stillness of the night.

"A long time passed. The girl opened the door of her room gently, and stepped lightly out of the house. She looked up toward the bridge and listened; but what with the darkness of the night and the din of the wheel she could hear and see but little. So she sat down on the bench and waited. It was time for him to come.

"And he was coming! He had left his cottage and crossed the meadow, and was now hurrying along the narrow path on the ridge. Already he could hear the rush of the fall, and saw the gleam of the pool above. In another moment they would be together: his foot was on the plank bridge.

"At that moment the girl started up from the bench, and her heart ceased to beat; she stood rigid, her eyes peering through the night. The miller, in his room, was sitting with a necklace of shells in his hands: he was on the point of raising it to his lips. He dropped it, and fell to the floor, and tried to stop his ears in vain.

"For a terrible cry broke upon the darkness, making itself heard above the din of the wheel and the dash of the water-fall. Ere the cry was half uttered, however, it stopped suddenly, and never again was taken up; but something, surely, was coming down the fall—a queer, shapeless object, rolling over and over, catching now and then against a rock or snag, slipping away again, and hurrying onward and downward in mad haste—a dark, heavy object, with loosened limbs and white, gleaming face; only that in the temple was a jagged, bleeding hole, where it had struck the rock. Down it came, faster and faster; the girl saw it coming, and stood below waiting for it. Now, with a rush, it came upon the wheel, and the wheel caught it, and whirled it round, and ground it down, and broke it, screaming all the while with devilish glee.

"The old man had crept out, and saw the broken body beneath the wheel, and the foam in the tail-race red with blood. Then, for the first time, it seemed as though the wheel spoke to him, reiterating over and over again, with the malice of a fiend, 'You have your wish! you have your wish! you have your wish!' Yes, his wish.

"The girl, meanwhile, stood motionless and silent. She did not scream; there were no tears in her eyes; but at length she laughed softly to herself.

"'I told him I'd go back when he came for me over the fall,' said she. 'Now he has come, and I must keep my promise.' Then, without looking at the old man, who stood stricken with a double horror, she glided swiftly away, and up the steep pathway, and so disappeared forever: no one saw her again. Something, indeed, that had belonged to her was found afterward lying at the bottom of the clear pool, with upturned face; but the bright young girl never returned to claim it.

"Little else was ever found. What other mysteries the brook knew it babbled only to the river, which, in turn, confided them to the ocean, and that was the end. Only, the next morning, a little boy playing on the river-bank below, found a fine large piece of plank lying in the drift, one end of which had been freshly sawed almost off, and then broken. It was a prize! He dragged it to the neighboring frog pond, and fitted it up as a raft, on which he ferried himself across. How should he know that a human being had crossed all the way over from time to eternity on that plank only the night before? So the old man was quite alone—except for the mill-wheel.

"Every body pitied him—such a terrible misfortune!—and his mind seemed affected. He seldom spoke to any one, and withdrew himself generally from sight. But it was whispered that he had been seen sitting on a bench near the mill-wheel, which he always kept going, talking to it in a wild, random way, and moaning and cursing. Ever and anon the wheel would seem to answer him with a quivering scream, but whether of rage, terror, or laughter none could tell. That, of course, was because the axle was rusty, and creaked. And though the old man spent a great deal of his time in oiling and cleaning the machinery, somehow he seemed never able to get at that particular part wherefrom the screaming came. Indeed, to judge from the way he went to work, he was not very sanguine of success; but he seemed resolved never to give it up. No wonder; for a more unearthly sound could not well be imagined. The farmers going home at night across the dark fields, if they chanced to hear a confused sound as of screaming, groaning, and laughter, would hurry onward as fast as they could, and tell a wide-eyed circle at home how the mad wheel and the mad man were cursing each other.

"At last an evening came—it was just a year from the time the tragedy happened—and the old man sat, as usual, on the bench outside the house, staring at the wheel and muttering. He was much altered; his cheeks were plowed with deep furrows, his eyes dim and sunken, yet with a crazy wildness in them; his body bent and shrunken. But changed or not, the wheel had not forgotten him; at intervals it broke forth into peals of derisive laughter.

"The man put his hand in his bosom and pulled out a necklace of shells. He drew it gently and caressingly through his hands. Several times he made as if to raise it to his lips, but always paused and shuddered.

"'She's lost forever,' he muttered. 'But I loved her.'

"'Ha! ha!' yelled the wheel. 'Lost! lost! lost!'

"The man rose from the bench and bent his steps toward the ridge. He began to toil painfully up the steep path toward the spot where the plank bridge had been. The wheel below was comparatively quiet now. In the darkness it had the appearance of an uncouth, gigantic figure, cutting fantastic capers, and flourishing the foam about with huge hands. It seemed to be impatiently waiting for some long-expected promise to be fulfilled. Its delight knew no bounds.

"The old man had now reached the summit of the ridge. He was standing on the brink of the deep rocky gully through which rushed the brook; in his trembling hands he still held the necklace. His eyes rested on the deep clear pool above.

"'Can she—can God—forgive me?' said he. 'I sinned grievously, but I loved her.'

"Again he strove to raise the charmed necklace to his lips. But its mission was not yet accomplished. It slipped through his palsied fingers, and fell with a slight plash into the brook. With a cry he sprang after it: the rustling water seized him with its myriad soft hands, and hurried him downward, blinded, choking, but still groping and grasping desperately for the necklace. More than once a projecting rock or bough offered him the chance of preservation; but he rejected all: what was life without his necklace?

"Downward to the wheel! He could hear the roar and the rush and the hoarse scream of fiendish laughter; another moment and all would be over: he made one last grasp, and felt the necklace in his hand once more!

"But in the same instant the great black wheel stretched out its hands and caught him—sucked him in with a wild yell of triumph—wound him round and ground him down, crushed and dead and shapeless: the foam bubbled with his blood. Then there was a great silence, and the wheel stood still. It had done its work.

"Some days afterward a man, prompted by curiosity, crept to the edge of the ridge and looked down at the mill. He was surprised to see it stopped, and no signs of the crazy old miller. At last he ventured down cautiously, and saw a formless mass lying beneath the wheel. One hand, protruding forth, grasped a curious necklace of small shells."

The voice of my companion died away like the whispering of wind among the trees. For a long time I lay motionless and silent, pondering over the tale. At last I said:

"He was justly served. Crime such as his can find no absolution."

There was a deep sigh, but whether it was caused by the moaning of the breeze through the branches of the oak, or exhaled from a human breast, I could not tell. Then a voice—if it was a voice, and not the broken fall of water and rustle of leaves—seemed to say:

"Do you too condemn me? Yet I loved her!"

A moment passed ere the full meaning of those words came to me. I opened my eyes, and started up, and looked around on every side. I was alone; no human form was near me. The tall grass in which I lay bore the impress of no second figure. My eyes were heavy, and my senses confused. Had I been asleep?

There stood the mill-wheel, silent and dark in the twilight, and around it foamed and plashed the waters of the brook. Above, the dark ridge loomed against the sky, and for a moment I caught my breath, thinking I saw a dusky figure standing on the brink of the gully. But it was a thick-branched yew-tree growing there. And neither before nor since have I ever met my mysterious companion.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was convened, on the 16th of April last, at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The existence of this body was authorized by an act of Congress passed in 1863; and it was originally limited to fifty members, designed to represent the most eminent men of science in the country, who were to be organized for the purpose of serving as advisers to the United States government in questions of a scientific nature. The Academy has rendered excellent service in this capacity, and has had referred to it very many important questions, the satisfactory solutions of which have saved much money to the government, and increased the efficiency of many of its bureaus. One condition of membership is that all such service to the government is to be performed without charge.

As this society, by its national character, takes the lead of State institutions for a similar object, the number of members being at first limited, considerable dissatisfaction was felt by many persons who believed themselves worthy of membership, but were excluded by this restriction. The Academy, therefore, after mature deliberation, decided to ask Congress to remove the limitation as to number, which being done, the principal business of the Academy at its late meeting consisted in the increase of its force. Twenty-five new members were selected, representing the various branches of theoretical and applied science, and the number is to be increased by five each succeeding year. Very few papers or communications were presented before the Academy, as all the time of the meeting was required in carrying out the changes involved by the alteration of the charter, including the formation of a new constitution and rules for its government.

The following is the list of members elected: Professor C. A. Young, Dartmouth; Professor E. D. Cope, Philadelphia; Professor J. Lawrence Smith, Louisville; W. S. Sullivant, Columbus; Professor W. B. Rogers, Boston; J. H. Trumbull, Hartford; Professor J. P. Cooke, Cambridge; Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., Salem; Professor W. P. Trowbridge, New Haven; J. E. Oliver, Massachusetts; Professor E. W. Hilgard, Oxford, Mississippi; Professor R. Pumpelly, State Geologist, Missouri; Professor J. H. Lane, Coast Survey; Professor A. E. Verrill, New Haven; Dr. J. W. Crafts; Theodore Lyman, Boston; Professor A. M. Mayer, Stevens Institute, Hoboken; Professor H. J. Clarke, Amherst; J. Ericsson; Professor Hadley, New Haven; Dr. F. A. Genth, Philadelphia; Charles A. Schott, Coast Survey; Professor A. H. Worthen, State Geologist, Illinois; Captain J. B. Eads, St. Louis; General H. L. Abbott, U.S.A.

Mr. Matthews Dunn, whose contributions to *Land and Water*, in regard to sea fish and their reproduction, have contained much of interest, writes in reference to the spawning of herring, and remarks that during the past winter he took occasion to impregnate some herring eggs, and found that on placing them in water they sank immediately to the bottom, or became attached to the sides of the vessel by a tenacious viscid coating. He thinks that the roe discharged on the British coast in January and February are usually hatched out by the 20th of May.

The sea fisheries of Great Britain appear to have been unusually productive during the past winter, as, in addition to the large catch of herring already referred to, cod-fish have been taken in very great numbers. At a single station on the British coast 20,000 fine cod, besides numbers of turbot, halibut, etc., were landed in the course of a few days. The price received for a full-sized cod by the fishermen is about thirty-five cents. These are sent to London by steamer and railway. A single week's catch netted to the fishermen over $7500.

The spawn of the cod is said to ripen about the beginning of March; and Mr. Buckland thinks that the 15th of March should be the first day of a close time for cod, which should last eight or ten weeks, during which time their capture should not be permitted.

Linguistic science has experienced a severe loss in the death of Dr. Theodore Goldstücker. This gentleman at the time of his decease was Professor of Sanscrit in University College, London, and president of the Philological Society, and died in consequence of an attack of bronchitis, which had been neglected in its early stages. He was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, and was early known for his scholarly attainments. He came to England in 1850 to take the chair of Sanscrit in University College. He was a man of immense erudition, especially in the Hindoo philosophical and grammatical literature, in which departments he has probably left no equal in Europe. He was always very slow to publish, and has left behind him but little to represent his learning.

At the meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association, held at Albany, it was voted to present to Congress a memorial for aid from government in stocking the rivers of the United States with useful food fishes. Mr. George Shepherd Page, of New Jersey, was appointed to present the memorial, and had an opportunity not long since of expressing his views before the House Committee on Appropriations.

Professor Gegenbaur first demonstrated the existence of two bones in the tarsal joint of birds, with the joint occurring between the first and second tarsal bones, as in reptiles.

Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, in a memoir on the carpus and tarsus of birds, just published in the annals of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, has shown the existence of an additional tarsal bone, and has also shown the relations of another bone discovered by Professor Wyman as belonging to the tarsal series, thus making four bones belonging to the tarsus.

Professor Morse's embryological researches have also added two, and in some birds three, bones to the wrist. These bones, as well as the bones of the tarsus, can only be seen in the early embryonic state; in the adult bird they unite or anchylose with the approximate bones of the member to which they belong. These studies were made on many of the common species of wild birds, and full illustrations of the parts, with their respective embryos, accompany the memoir. These discoveries establish still further the reptilian affinities of birds.

The prophetic announcements of Professor Agassiz in regard to the discoveries he *intended* to make during his proposed deep-sea dredgings in the southern waters continue to be realized, as we learn from a letter to Professor Peirce, dated at Rio on the 12th of February last. The weather had not been favorable for dredging for some time; but a suitable occasion presenting itself, the work was prosecuted for one day, with very interesting results.

The first discovery mentioned by the professor was that of a living *Pecten*, very similar in general appearance to a fossil form known as *P. paradoxus*, found in Germany, and which he had been inclined to consider a distinct genus, on account of certain peculiarities which are not shared by any living shells known up to this discovery. The specimen found is, however, strictly referable to the same genus as the *paradoxus*, especially as it has the same prominent radiating ribs arising on the inner surface of the shell valve, to which the fossil is indebted for its specific name. Although of very small dimensions, being scarcely two-thirds of an inch in diameter, it is yet a specimen of very great significance.

The second discovery was that of a very remarkable crustacean, and is, in part, the realization of the expectation of finding "genera reminding us of some amphipods, and isopods aping still more closely the trilobites than *Serolis*." A specimen answering fully to this statement was taken in forty-five fathoms, and at first sight seemed like an ordinary isopod, with a broad, short, flat body. This, however, is not referable to any of the orders or families of Milne-Edwards or Dana, and, for reasons adduced, it has very striking relations to the trilobites, and is, indeed, like them, one of those types combining the structural features of several independent groups. It resembles the trilobites in the fact that the head is distinct from the thoracic regions; and the large faceted eyes and the facial suture across the cheeks connect it so closely that but for the presence of antennæ, which project from the lower side of the anterior margin of the buckler, the resemblance would amount to an absolute identity in structure with the trilobites. The character of the mouth is also that of the trilobite, while the antennæ cause its reference to the isopod. For this new genus the name of *Tomocaris peircei* is proposed.

A new discovery of lacustrine remains has lately been made on the borders of Lake Leman, in the Gulf of Condrée. Here the piles occupy considerable space, and appear equal in extent to the settlement at Morges, which faces it on the opposite shore. This locality seems to appertain to the bronze age, all the implements hitherto detected being of that character, nothing of stone having been discovered.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of California appropriating $2000 for the purpose of stocking the waters of Clear Lake, in Yolo County, with mountain trout, to be obtained from the waters of Lake Bigler or some other stream in the Sierra Nevada Mountains having a corresponding altitude.

The April number of the *American Journal of Science* contains an account by Professor Marsh, the indefatigable paleontologist, of his discovery of a new species of *Hadrosaurus*, a giant lizard; one of which, found in New Jersey, from its enormous size constitutes one of the chief attractions of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, where it is deposited. The present animal is scarcely one-third the size of the New Jersey specimen. It was discovered near the Smoky Hill River, in Western Kansas, and is named *Hadrosaurus agilis*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Among the many pleasant drives about Washington perhaps no one is more full of interest than that to Arlington Heights. It will be remembered that the Arlington estate, consisting of about eleven hundred acres, was bequeathed by George Washington Parke Custis to his daughter, the wife of General Robert E. Lee. Soon after the commencement of the civil war Arlington was required by the United States as a military station; and after Mrs. Lee's departure—her husband having previously joined the Confederate army—government troops were quartered on the grounds, and from the fortified heights a strict and constant watch was kept over our nation's capital.

It was a mild and sunny April day when we drove to Arlington. Passing through Georgetown, and over the beautiful Potomac by bridge, we found ourselves on Virginia soil, and soon were within the inclosed grounds. Slowly winding our way up the ascent, a picturesque scene opens to view: the grass-grown fortifications; a few buildings surrounding General Lee's house; the conservatory and garden; the large monument overshadowed by tall oak-trees; the cemeteries where thousands of soldiers lie buried. There was little to interest one in the bare and desolate rooms of the Arlington mansion; but it was a significant fact that the record book kept there contained the names of about 47,000 visitors, who had been led thither since 1866 by curiosity, by sympathetic interest, or for sorrowful investigation. For on Arlington Heights are buried the remains of more than 16,000 soldiers. There is something inexpressibly sad in passing along the cemetery, thickly set with plain white tablets, to read upon so many of them the touching word "*Unknown.*" Imagination pictures the thousands of widows, orphans, sisters, and friends who know not where their loved ones lie, and around each simple slab, with its brief record, weaves a story of its own. Beneath the monument, which stands like a sentinel near General Lee's house, rest the bones of 2100 unknown United States soldiers, and the graves of officers surround a raised plot which incloses the garden. On lower ground are the two large cemeteries, in one of which about 10,000 Union soldiers are buried, and in the other 4000 "contrabands" who joined our army. At present only a few persons live within the inclosure, chiefly for the purpose of keeping the grounds in order. Arlington Heights is a City of the Dead, where the visitor may read a sad chapter in our nation's history.

Public gambling will be suppressed in Germany at the close of the present year. Certain fashionable watering-places will not then be so attractive to one class of visitors.

A post-office clerk gives the following different ways of spelling Massachusetts—authoritative, if being written on the outside of a letter can make them so: Massitutitus, Massatuica, Matcuset, Massticice, Macussick, Massatuette, Masicutious.

The entire length of the projected canal between the Black and Caspian seas would be about four hundred miles. It is estimated that thirty-two thousand laborers must be employed six years to complete the undertaking. One of the advantages of this canal, quite distinct from commercial interests, is that it would replenish the Caspian Sea with water. A remarkable reduction of its waters has been noticed within the last few years, which, if it should increase, would cause extreme malaria, and also be destructive of its fisheries, which are the source of great wealth—many thousand persons being at present engaged in these fisheries.

There is good sound sense in the remark made by "Howard Glyndon" in the *Evening Mail* that "no dress should be worn habitually which prevents free egress into the street, or garden, or the forest. Quite time enough is taken up in changing the shoes and in putting on hat, mantle, and gloves. If exercise out-of-doors has to be preceded by elaborate preparation, it will gradually fall into disuse. A woman wearing a long morning dress while standing at the door or the window is seized with a sudden impulse to take a walk. 'But then my dress!' It is not a proper one out of the house, and she doesn't want to have the trouble of taking it off just for half an hour or so; consequently the walk is postponed. There is no bondage more intolerable than that of the slavery of dress."

There has been an earthquake in the Yosemite Valley. It shook the rocks and mountains a good deal, and frightened every body living in the vicinity. At the last previous accounts the snow in the Yosemite Valley was "only forty feet deep!" We hope and believe that the earthquake has shaken it down a trifle.

A Western writer has made an interesting calculation, which those who contemplate attending the coming Boston Jubilee would do well to contemplate. He estimates that as the average area of the human mouth when open is about four square inches, the combined mouths of the 25,500 singers at the Boston Jubilee will form a cavity of over 736 square feet. Such an abyss is frightful to imagine!

The residence of Chief Justice Chase, about two and a half miles from the Capitol, on North Capitol Street, is described as plain, substantial, and massive. It is a brick house, two stories high, about sixty feet long and fifty wide. The rooms are high, large, and square; the furniture plain but rich. From the piazza on the south side of the house is obtained one of the finest views of the city of Washington.

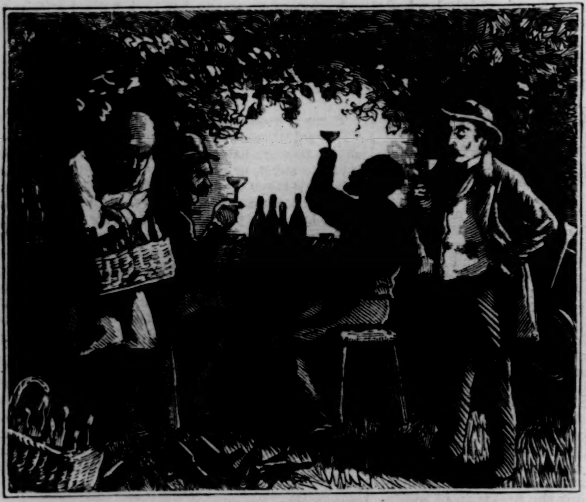
Certain colors are observed to exert an unfavorable effect upon the health and spirits when put upon the walls of rooms. It is well known that the arsenical green of wall-papers is injurious to the health. A correspondent of a scientific journal states that he had occasion, for several years, to examine rooms occupied by young women for manufacturing purposes, and he observed that while the workers in one room would be very cheerful and healthy, the occupants of a similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of a pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. The only difference he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the others was colored with yellow ochre. As soon as he observed the difference he had the yellow ochre washed off the walls and they whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupants. In subsequent observations and experiments he invariably found that the occupants of rooms colored yellow or buff were less healthy than those in whitened rooms.

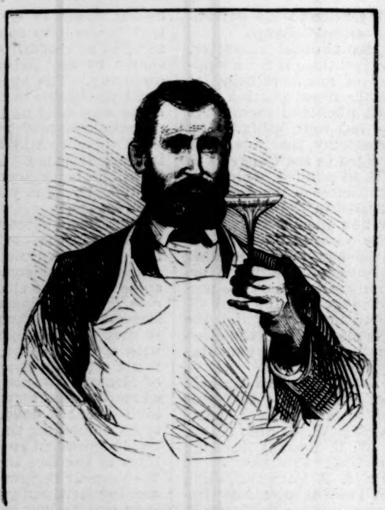
According to the records of an exchange there is a retreat where innocence and uprightness reign. It seems that a short time ago the Supreme Court of Maine, as in duty bound, visited Oxford County to clear up any difficulties which might be there; but not a solitary case was on the calendar for trial. At length the Grand Jury found one case to look into; but the accused was wholly innocent, so they adjourned to seek some more wicked place.

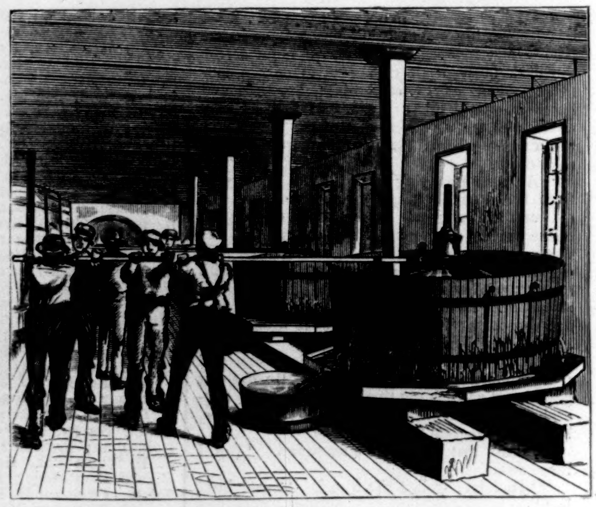
The *Christian Weekly* gives the following item: "In 1835, when the population of the seven lower wards of the city of New York was 99,055, there was one evangelical church for every 4500 inhabitants. Since then twenty-four churches have removed from that section of the city. In 1870, when the population had increased to 126,401, there were only eight churches, or one to every 15,700."

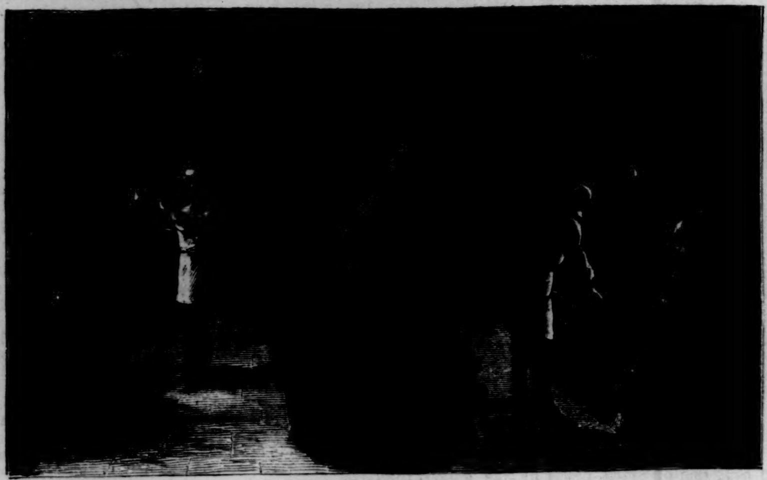
Russia designs to save her forests from complete destruction. No fuel but coal is now permitted to be used on the railways.

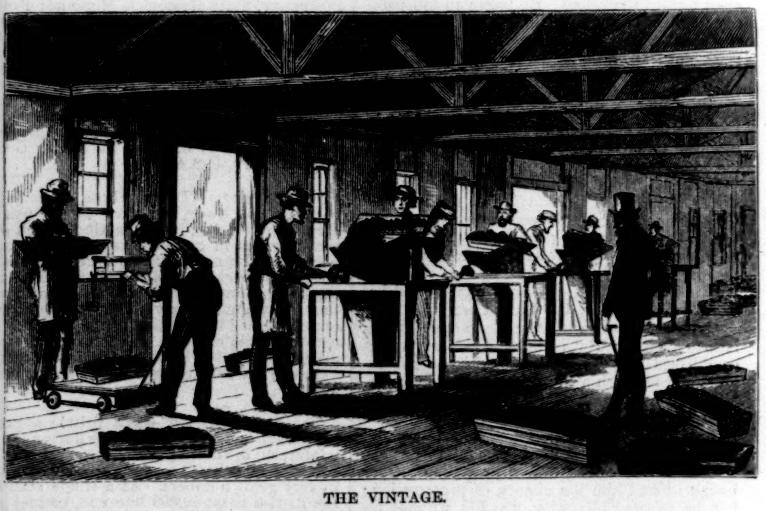
The opening of libraries and reading-rooms on Sundays is no untried experiment, nor has it been thought to be in any wise injurious to morality or religion in any of the towns where the matter has been fairly tested. In considering the usefulness of such an arrangement it should be remembered that the open library and reading-room on Sunday are not specially for those who have a pleasant home of their own, who have books in abundance, who have a circle of improving friends, and wholesome influences on every side of them. There are in all large cities multitudes of young men and women who are without a home, without even a comfortable room of their own, without books. Not even the most rigid Sabbatarian would expect these young people, who labor hard through the week, to attend church services all day. Where are they to spend the time out of church, supposing they go to one or even two services? And *how* are they to spend it? There is, in numerous cases, only the choice between solitary discomfort, silly street gossip, and the grog-shop, or some other worse resort. It is largely for those without comfortable homes, who have their only hours of leisure on the Sabbath, and for those to whom often those leisure hours are a powerful inducement to seek unprofitable associates, that many thoughtful persons have desired to open our public libraries on Sunday. While it is not strange that those who have been accustomed to observe Sunday with strictness themselves should at first regard such a movement as an innovation, there is a side to the question which those with pleasant homes, comfortable pews in church, attractive books, social companions, and well-regulated habits and tastes may not have considered. How can the crimes which mar our Sabbaths in the city be lessened? How can the social, moral, and religious interests of the community be advanced? What measures should be taken to meet the present deficiencies in the lives of those who stand alone in the heart of a great and wicked city? What attractions can be offered them as a substitute for lonely and cheerless despondency, or for corrupting habits and society? Such are some of the questions which should be carefully considered by all who strive to be guided by the teachings of Him who said "the Sabbath was made for man."

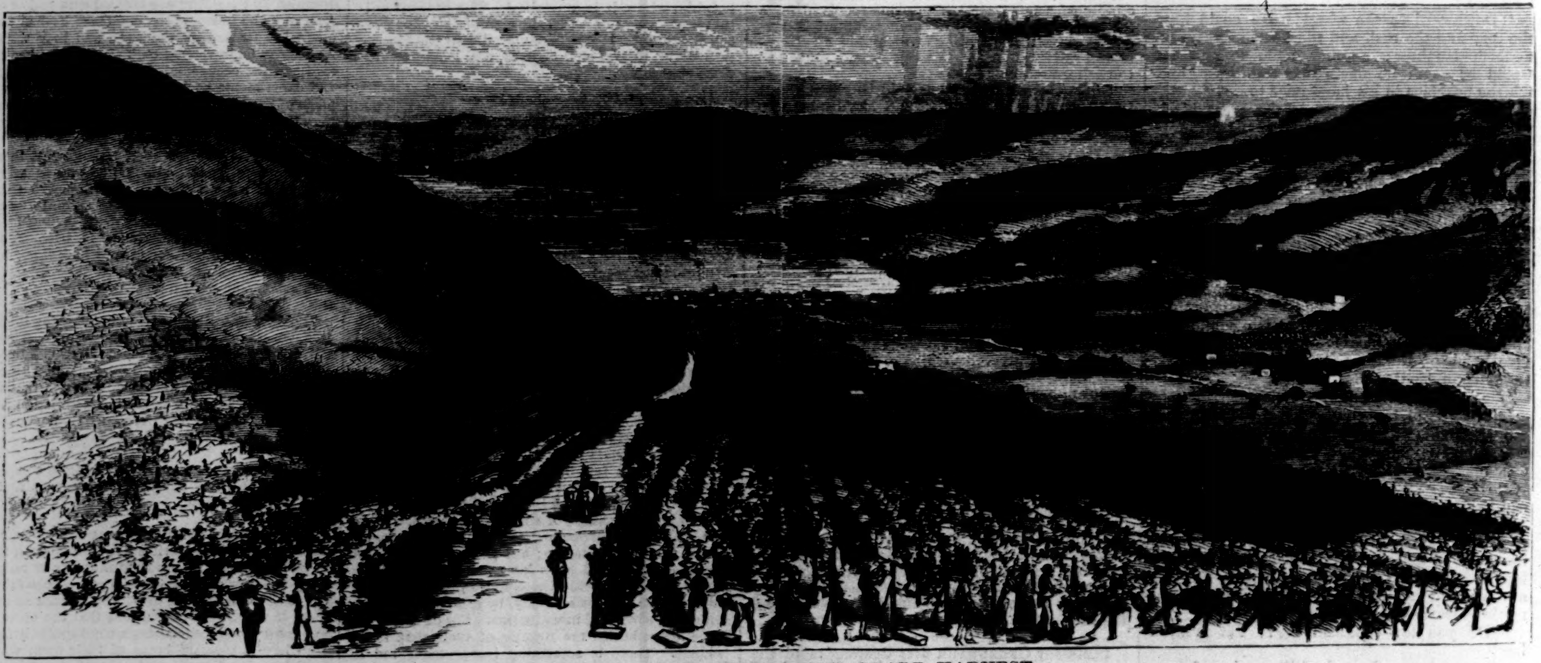

SAMPLING PARTY.

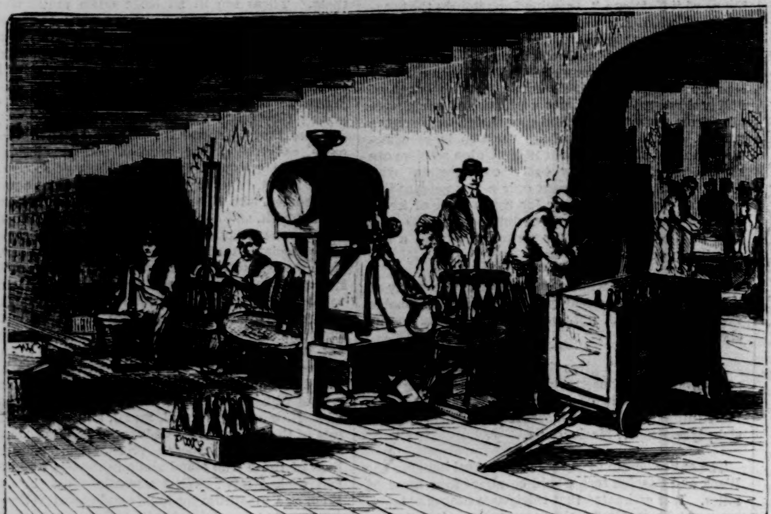

JULES MASSON.

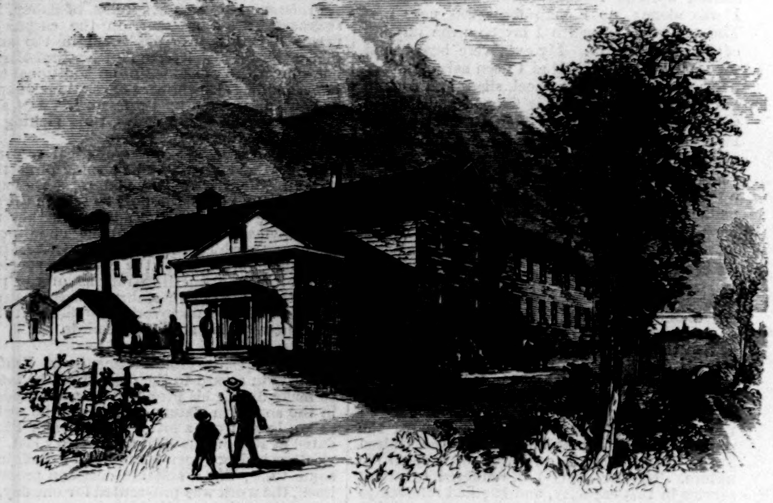

THE WINE-PRESS.


THE CHAMPAGNE CELLAR.


THE VINTAGE.


PLEASANT VALLEY DURING THE GRAPE HARVEST.


FINISHING SPARKLING WINE.


PLEASANT VALLEY WINE-CELLAR.

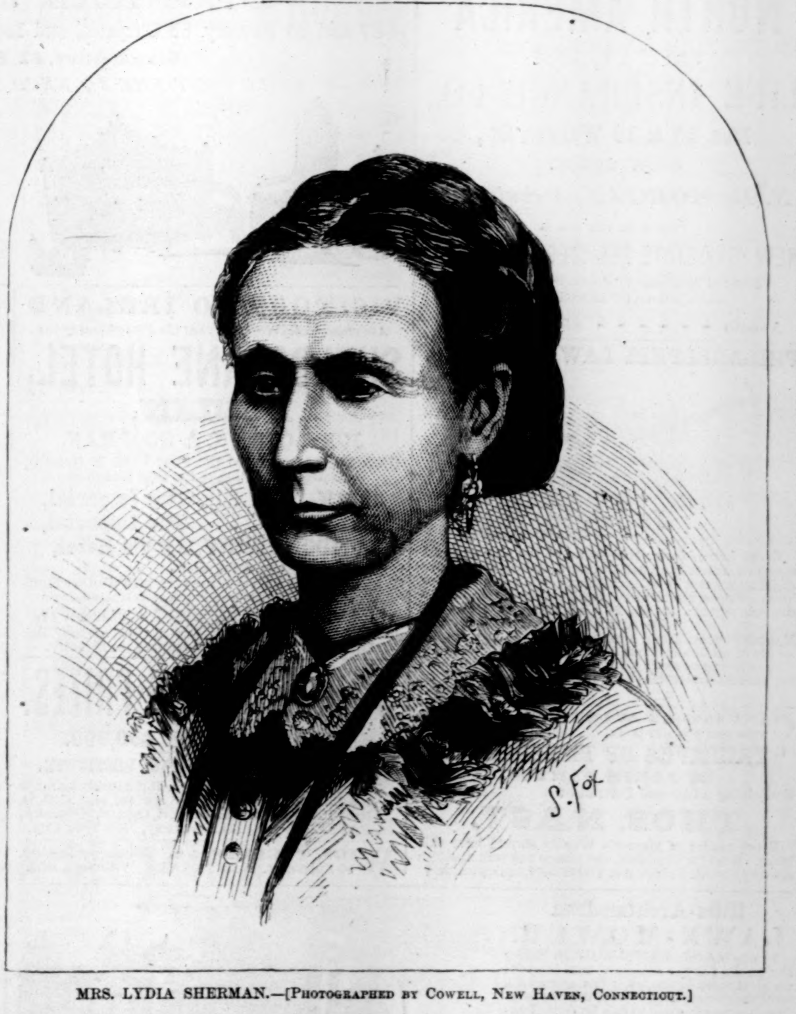
PLEASANT VALLEY VINEYARDS—HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 367.]

MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN.

But for the terrible crimes with which she has been charged, Mrs. Lydia Sherman would never have been known outside of the quiet little town of which she was a resident. She had reached nearly the age of fifty, had been three times married, and had always borne an irreproachable character.

Her third husband, Horatio N. Sherman, of Derby, Connecticut, was taken sick on the 8th of May last, and died after an illness of four days, which was attended by symptoms which aroused the suspicions of the attending physicians. A post-mortem examination was held, and the stomach and a portion of the liver of the deceased were sent to New Haven for analysis. They were found to contain arsenic in considerable quantity. The bodies of her second husband, and of her step-children, Ada and Frankie Sherman, were then exhumed, and an analysis disclosed similar results.

A warrant was then issued for Mrs. Sherman's apprehension upon a charge of murder, but in the mean time she had removed from Derby to New Brunswick, New Jersey, where she was arrested. When charged with the crime she simply replied, "I suppose I must go along with you." After a short preliminary examination at Derby, she was committed to the county jail in New Haven, and has remained in custody there ever since. The other persons whom she is suspected of poisoning are her first husband, Mr. Struck, of New York city, and their four children. The trial of Mrs. Sherman, before the Superior Court in New Haven, has just resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, for which the penalty is imprisonment for life.



MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN.—[Photographed by Cowell, New Haven, Connecticut.]

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

We lay before our readers this week a carefully engraved and picturesque double-page picture of the beautiful city which is just now a centre of political attraction. The view, supposed to be taken from a point somewhere between heaven and earth above the southern bank of the Ohio, gives a broad sweep of country, comprehending the city and the surrounding region, with its splendid background of hills, and is no less interesting as a picture than as an accurate map of one of the most important inland towns of the United States.

Cincinnati dates from 1788, when the first rude settlement was made in the lovely valley which nature seems to have designed for the building of a great city. Through this valley runs the Ohio—"the beautiful river," as its Indian name signifies—and right opposite the city the Licking River empties its tributary waters into the nobler stream. The banks of the Ohio rise in two terraces, or plateaus, on which the city is built, and an amphitheatre of rounded hills, varying in height from 300 to 400 feet, shuts in the view with a background of remarkable beauty.

The river front is about ten miles in length, and the northern line of the city over two miles from low-water mark. The greater part of the town lies on the plateaus just mentioned—the first, fifty feet above low-water mark; the second, one hundred and eight. The front bank of the upper plateau, originally precipitous, has been graded to a gentle slope; the top, comprising two-thirds of the area of the valley, has a slightly undulating surface, with a general slope toward the bases of the surrounding hills.

Cincinnati presents a solid and substantial appearance. The material generally employed in its public and private structures is a fine freestone, or sandstone, although white limestone is also largely used. The streets are wide, regularly laid out, with an average width of about sixty-six feet, and many of them are adorned with shade trees. The central and business portions of the city are compactly built. A prominent feature in our illustration is the Public Landing, which comprises an open area of ten acres, with one thousand feet of front. The bank is paved from low-water mark, and furnished with floating wharves, which rise and fall with the river. In common with most Western rivers, the Ohio is subject to great fluctuations. The average range between high and low water is about fifty feet; but in a few instances the rise has been sixty feet.

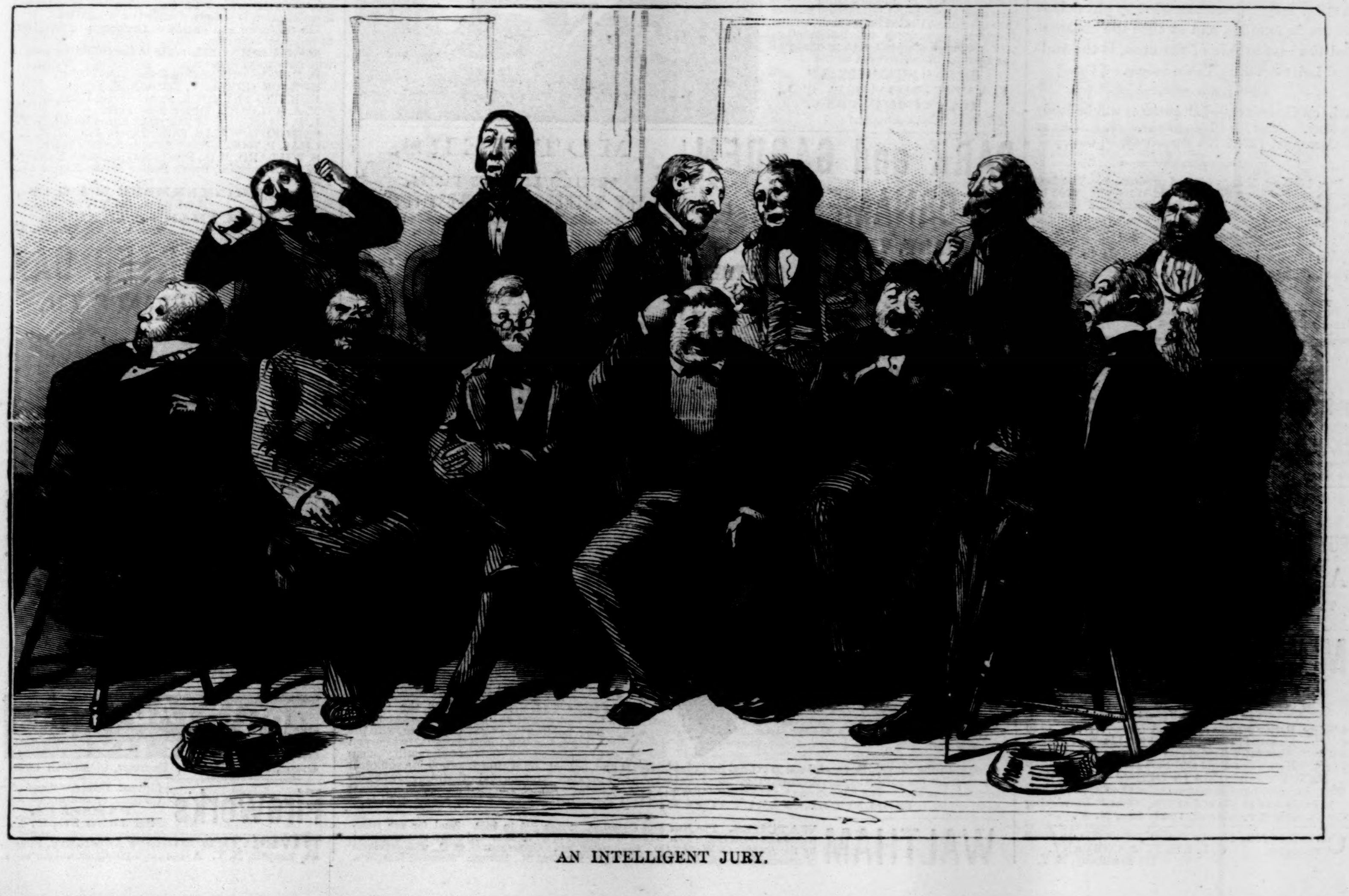
The growth of Cincinnati has kept pace with the settlement of the West and the increase of our inland commerce. Founded soon after the independence of this country was acknowledged by Great Britain, when the West was still a wilderness, it suffered greatly from Indian ravages; but when this source of danger disappeared with the settlement of the country, the new city received an impetus which has suffered no serious check up to the present time. In 1869 its population was over 230,000; the value of its products for the same year was estimated at $60,000,000. Among the public works the most remarkable is the great suspension-bridge over the Ohio. This magnificent structure is nearly half a mile in length, and its cost was about two millions of dollars. It connects Cincinnati with the southern bank of the river, on which are situated the cities of Newport and Covington, on either side of the Licking River, over which a fine bridge furnishes communication. The railroad suspension-bridge between Cincinnati and Newport, which is also shown in our picture, is likewise a notable structure.

Among other noteworthy sights in Cincinnati are Mr. Longworth's spacious wine-cellars; although no longer used for their original purpose, they are the finest structures of the kind in this country, and no visitor to the city should leave without inspecting them. A characteristic portion of the city is that part of it called "Over the Rhine"—the Miami Canal having been dignified with the name of the great German river—where immense quantities of lager-beer are manufactured, and where spacious cellars have been constructed for its storage. Residents of the city during the Know-Nothing excitement of 1854 remember the sluggish canal as marking the boundary beyond which it was dangerous for some obnoxious Native Americans to venture. The public institutions of the city are many and noteworthy; but we have not space to call attention to them in detail.

AN INTELLIGENT JURY.

The absurdity of our present jury system is humorously hit off by our artist in the illustration given on this page under the above title. As the law now stands, no man who reads the papers with intelligence (and every intelligent man does read the papers) can serve on a jury in a case that excites popular interest. The system belongs to an age long past, before newspapers had become the unfailing accessory of the breakfast-table. There was a time when the details of a great crime came out only upon the trial, or, at any rate, were known to a very limited number of people; but in these days of newspaper enterprise and telegraphic facilities a great burglary or a murder committed overnight is known the next morning to half the civilized world, and no person of ordinary intelligence can be ignorant of it, nor can his judgment be entirely unaffected by the published accounts. Hence, under the present system, the character of our juries has steadily depreciated, until "stupid as a juryman" has become a familiar comparison.

It is high time to do away with this absurd system, and to substitute intelligence and fair-mindedness for stupidity or willful perjury as the qualifications to be exacted of a juryman. The bill introduced by Mr. Judd in the New York Legislature, providing a remedy for the defects of the present system, is an excellent measure, and ought to become a law. It has already passed the Assembly and the Senate, and only awaits the signature of the Governor.



AN INTELLIGENT JURY.

AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

HERETOFORE the only sources from whence diamonds were derived have been limited to two continents, Asia and America; but recently in Africa the precious gem has been found.

For nearly a century the Indian diamond-fields have yielded but slight returns, barely sufficient to supply the native demand. If it had not been for the Brazilian mines, diamonds would have commanded such enhanced prices as to have been almost unattainable.

The African diamond-fields have notably occupied public attention of late, and the question is often asked, what effect this discovery will have on the ruling prices.

For a single good stone (and Africa is not exceptional in this respect) hundreds of poor ones are constantly found, and even such stones as give the most flattering promises on their discovery are frequently found after cutting unworthy the first estimate placed upon them.

Discarding the fabulous reports in reference to the yield of these mines, it must be kept in view that, if correct, still the question arises in reference to the quality of the stones, as on this point the present and prospective prices of diamonds rest.

The stones thus far offered from African mines are in many cases tinged, and even the whitest lack that intense fire, diffused brilliancy, and apparent hardness requisite to satisfy the critical taste of our people.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness for above information to Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John St. (up stairs), N. Y., who make a specialty of precious stones, and we would suggest to any in search of gems that an examination of the collection here offered will prove a source of sincere gratification.—[*Com.*]

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY is to assist in laying the foundation of Consumption. To cure the most stubborn Cough or Cold you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. E. A. MAC RAE, Shoe Heel, N. C., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since 1857 with perfect success in every respect, stitching the clothing for 30 colored servants and a large family of whites, and army clothing and hospital bedding during the war, without the slightest repair. It is now as good as when bought. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

EVERY GENUINE box of Dr. McLane's Liver Pills bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other"—the market is full of imitations.—[*Com.*]

TEARS AND SMILES.—Ladies who weep to-day as the comb reaps the dead fibres from their heads, will smile to-morrow if they brush in a proper quantity of PHALON'S HAIR INVIGORATOR this evening and to-morrow morning. It arrests the shedding of the hair at once, and inevitably restores it to vigorous health and its original luxuriance. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

Made of the best materials and warranted in every respect, recommended by physicians for use in families, and at once the cheapest and the best article of the kind, is the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce.—[*Com.*]

LACE CURTAINS.—Fall patterns will be ready in May. Send for Photographs. G. L. KELTY & COMPANY, 722 & 724 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

BUY *Electro Silicon*, a natural production. The best article for polishing Silver, Plated Ware, etc. Sold by Druggists, Jewelers, House-Furnishing and Grocery Stores.—[*Com.*]

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S KALLISTON will impart a *clear*, *soft*, and *beautiful* hue to the skin.—[*Com.*]

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists*.

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BUY GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE MADE.

A PROTRUDING TOE is not a pretty sight, and is never seen where children wear

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For Sale by all Dealers.

MEARES' MEARES' Paragon Shirts.

Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

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FANCY SHIRTINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

☞ *Directions for Measurement sent on application.*

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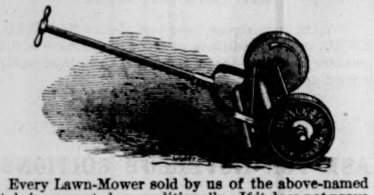
PHILADELPHIA LAWN-MOWERS.



Every Lawn-Mower sold by us of the above-named style is warranted unconditionally. If it does not prove satisfactory it will be exchanged for one of any other kind. Prices, $15 to $110. Send stamp for circular to the Sole Agents, **R. H. ALLEN & CO., 189 & 191 Water St., N. Y.,** Manufacturers of and Dealers in Agricultural Implements of all kinds, Seeds, and Fertilizers.

In ordering or asking Circulars, please mention having seen advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
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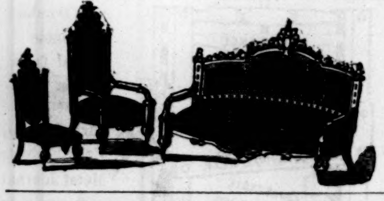

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Furniture, Carpets,
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Of any House in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices.

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$150,000 IN CASH PRIZES.
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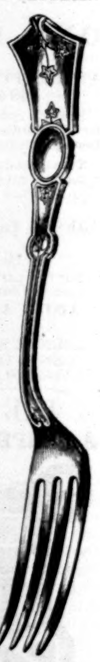
IN AID OF THE SICK AND DESTITUTE.

The Mercy Hospital drawing will positively be made May 30th. Tickets $3, or two for $5, sent C. O. D. Address PATTEE & GARDINER, Omaha, Nebraska; or, PATTEE & CO., 114 Broadway, New York City.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 96 Fulton St., New York City. "Enough said."

IVY PATTERN.



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MANUFACTURERS OF
NICKEL SILVER TABLE-WARE,
HEAVILY PLATED WITH PURE SILVER.

A full assortment of Table, Dessert, Tea, Egg, and Salt Spoons; Table, Medium, Dessert, Pie, Oyster, Pickle, and Beef Forks; Soup, Oyster, Gravy, Cream, and Mustard Ladles; Butter, Tea, Dessert, Cake, Ice-Cream, Pie, Crumb, and Fish Knives; Sugar Tongs, Shells, and Sifters; Berry Shells, Nut Picks, Napkin Rings, &c., &c. All goods warranted as represented.

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LAWN-MOWER.

In placing this LAWN-MOWER before the public for the season of 1872 it needs no recommendation, as it has acquired a world-wide celebrity. With the improvements recently added to this favorite Mower, we are fully warranted in saying IT HAS NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD! And its immense sale for the last 30 days throughout the United States is sufficient proof of the above assertion and of its great superiority. This LAWN-MOWER is constructed upon truly scientific principles, and is the only perfectly balanced Lawn-Mower ever made; operated by a Ball and ADJUSTABLE HANDLE, points that are indispensable, securing ease of operating and a perfect, beautiful, level cut. The Hills "Archimedean" was the first (and original) balanced Lawn-Mower invented in this country, or any other; was patented in the United States and Great Britain, and its invention brought into general use a machine that is now a necessity, and almost an indispensable article. All others now made are copies of this Machine, and the public are cautioned against them. For sale by all the leading Seedsmen and Agricultural Implement Dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Illustrated catalogues and testimonials, post free, upon application to us or any of our agents. Manufactured by the

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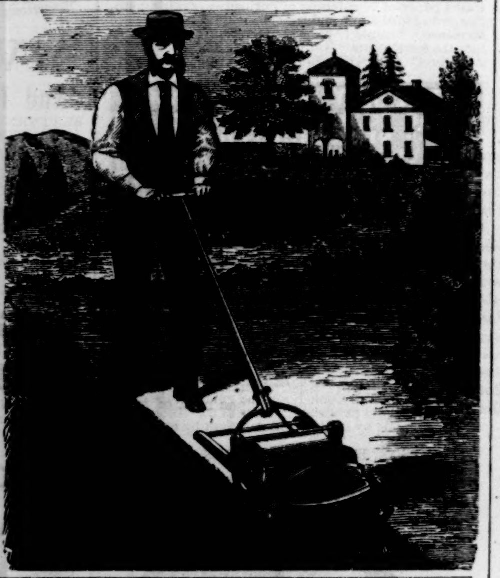
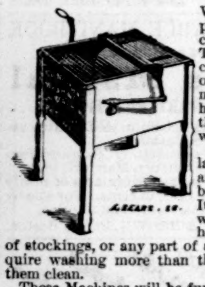


The Continental Washing Machine



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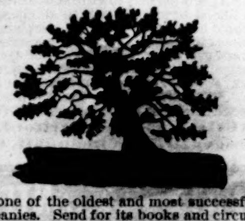

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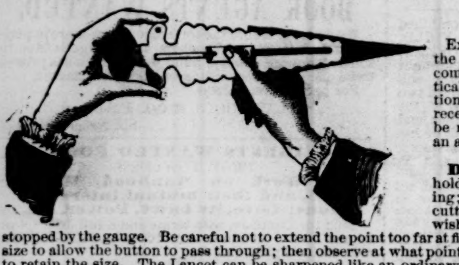

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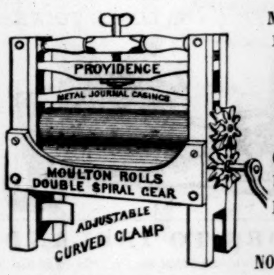

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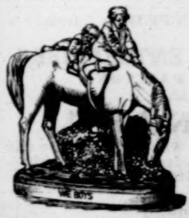

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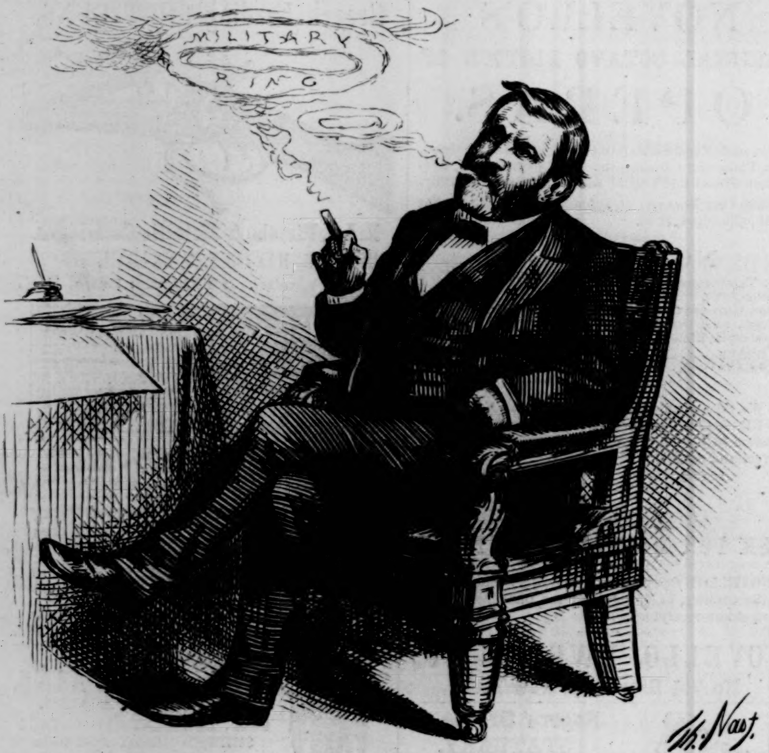

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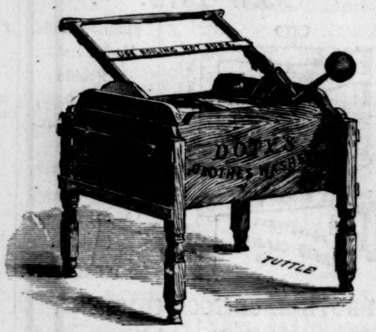

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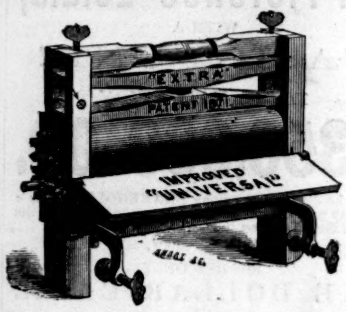

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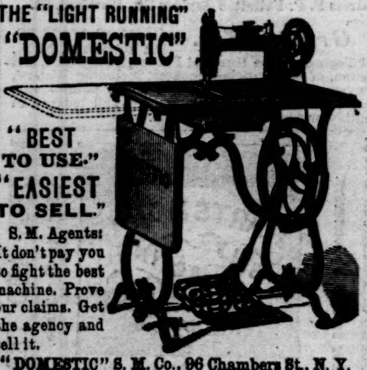

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LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part II.

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ST. KATHERINE'S DOCK.

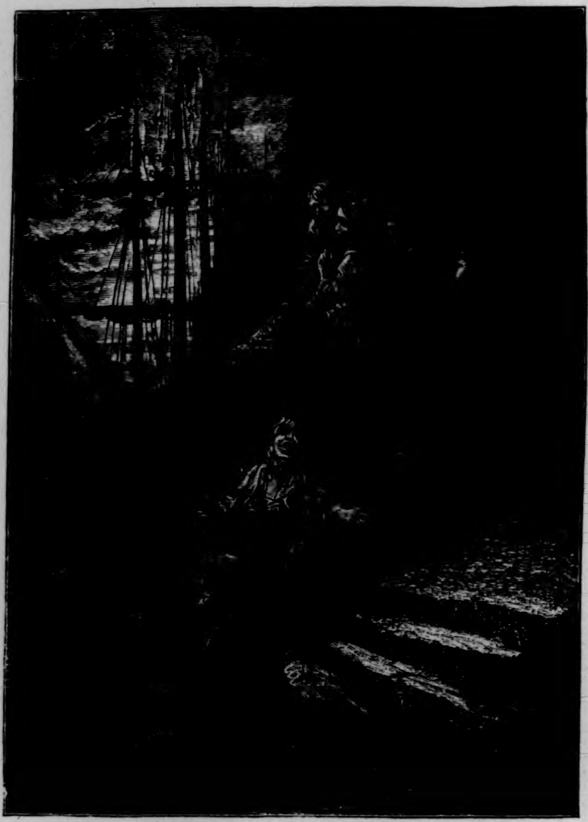
COFFEE STALL—EARLY MORNING.

CHAPTER II.

THE BUSY RIVER-SIDE.

OUR object is to seize representative bits of each of the parts which are included in the whole of the great world of London. Every function of London life comprehends the most striking varieties of men, manners, and rewards. A folly dropped into the fashionable waters of the West raises a ripple presently in the saddest places of poverty and crime; and the hoop sported at St. James's makes mischief in Connemara.

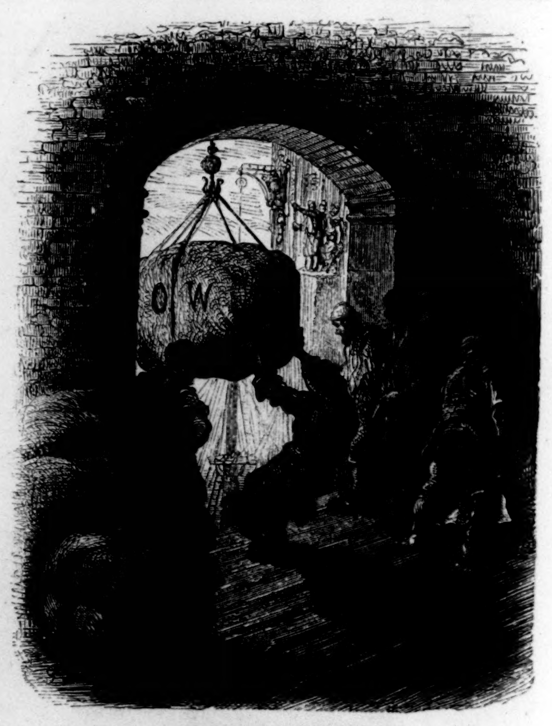
It is among the working population of a community like that which has been busy by the banks of the Thames from the days of Nero—and has raised Roman upon British ruins, and British upon Roman again—that the true, innermost secret of the mighty fact, LONDON, must be sought. How the conglomerate millions act and react upon each other; draw their wants from every corner of the globe; split up industries into hundred sub-industries, and then set to work to divide these, till ingenious man is los in wonder over the infinite methods which Competition has invented of earning a leg of mutton—suggests a long and patient study, that can not be without strong interest



A WATERMAN'S FAMILY.

to intelligent humanity, nor devoid of use in the hand of the philosopher and historian. Such a study would stretch far beyond the ranges of this Pilgrimage. The first glance at the subject is confounding enough to slacken the courage of the most methodical and toughest inquirers. I remember being struck, after traveling through one of the great pine forests of Sweden, with the factories of Norrköping—where the forest is split into lucifer-matches. Here were the princely capitalists to the beggars: gentlemen in châteaux, purveyors of stock-in-trade to the great army of Rags! There are men whose pernicious commercial activities represent a township of pauperism: there are others on whose heart and honor the hopes of a thousand creatures are hinged. As we take nearer views, passing from the general surface that is brilliant to the underlying force, we find the same humanity—only the circumstances differ. Here, by "the river's brink," as in the higher regions of society, are the men who work honestly, and the sluggards and cowards who prey upon work—who will pick dainties from the needle of the seamstress. We touch the gates of the jail: we hear the oaths echoing from the casual ward. Also we are bound to mark and record that we see the thousand end honest lives in misery for the ten who sink to pauperism, vagrancy, or crime. It is not possible to overpraise the greatness of heart with which the English working classes have passed through famine. They alone have known how to starve for an idea. In approaching the sadder parts of the great metropolis in which stubborn custom and purblind speculation have doomed them to abide—the poverty of one man reacting on his neighbor, and lack of money forcing the unfortunate to the companionship of drunkenness and crime—we seek the completeness of our picture, in the hope and belief that something approaching a perfect generalization will be its chief value. Hard, solid work: work that makes millionaires, and leaves the worn-out fingers of the heroic honest man cold upon a pallet—work is the key to London. In the serried legions of the distressed battling for an independent crust, and loathing the unearned crumb, there is a spectacle of moral grandeur which covers all the crime and vice and drunkenness. There are a hundred daily heroes for one coward at his bench.

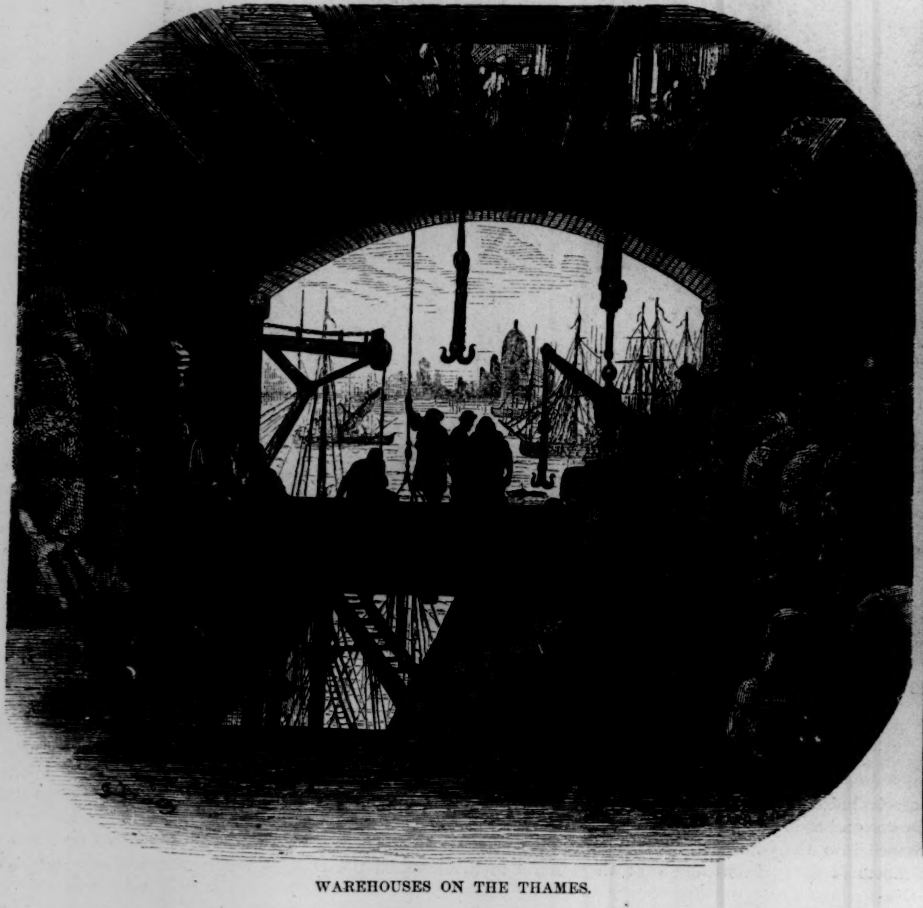
Those who can and do work are emphatically—London; and the great city is their inheritance from countless generations of toilers stretching back to those rich English merchants whose fame reached Tacitus. They make the laws, and make the laws obeyed; they grace the Senate and the bench; they preach from the pulpit, teach in the school-room, spread daily history from the printing-office; speed ships to every clime; make London the chief granary of the world; send railway navvies to the Japanese; deal in every thing the earth produces, and invent against the keenest the means of cheapening in order to hold a market. It is a French saying that wine nowadays is made with every thing—even with the grape—a compliment to commercial ingenuity, which may be applied in London as well as in Paris. Privat d'Anglemont once wrote a lively book on the Unknown Trades of the capital of which he was the reigning Bohemian—and he dived under the surface far enough to reach the breeder of gentles for anglers, and the painter of turkeys' legs to give the birds a fresh appearance. Our neighbors are ingenious, but they have not overmatched London ingenuity in the art of contriving strange occupations.



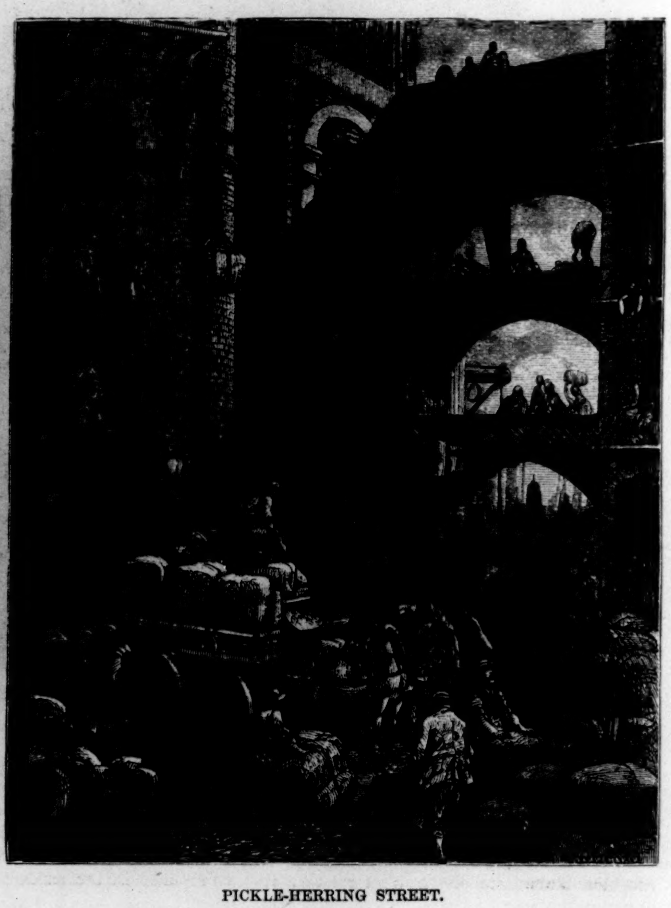
PORTERS AT WORK.

London wears a dismal exterior to the eye of the foreigner, because all London is hard at work. The State Secretary in his severely appointed room, receiving a deputation, has a hard-worked appearance, and looks dressed for downright business. In the clubs men split into groups, and are all, or nearly all, intent on some weighty affair of the day. The streets West as well as here in the East, where we are being hustled on our way to the Docks, are filled with people who have errands. They are not sad men and women; but they are seriously devoted to the thing in hand. This morning, in the West, young peers—heirs to fat slices of counties—are in the throng, repairing to committee sittings, public meetings, board appointments. Old men, retired from business, are nevertheless going to business. "Better rub than rust." That is a duke, with the bundle of papers under his arm. Here is a member of Parliament, with his documents for the long day and night of work before him in a bag. Many of the pale figures in wig and gown, pacing Westminster Hall, are slaves to fashionable society, as well as barristers in large practice, and sit up studying their briefs after the rout is over. Their luncheon is in a sandwich-box, so that Nature's cravings may not rob them of an hour in the best part of the precious working time in the West. The ordinary daily labors of a City alderman, who is in business as well as on the bench, would fill the week of an Italian, and leave him exhausted on the seventh day. There is not a happier man than this same alderman; and his content is never so hearty as when he is marching from one duty to another. His features are set; his manner is solid. He looks into no shop—heeds no passer-by. Directness is his quality; it is that also of the crowds threading their ways swiftly on all sides. Energy and earnestness pervade London shops, and are of fiery intensity in the popular markets. Take the Whitechapel Road on a Saturday night, or Camden Town, or Knightsbridge, or the Borough, or Tottenham Court Road—the vehemence of the street traders is alarming to a stranger, who anticipates a score of cases of apoplexy. St. Martin's-le-Grand, when the boxes are about to close! The Docks, when the wind has wafted a fleet home from the Downs! Or Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning! Or Billingsgate, when the market opens! Here, emphatically, I repeat, is London!

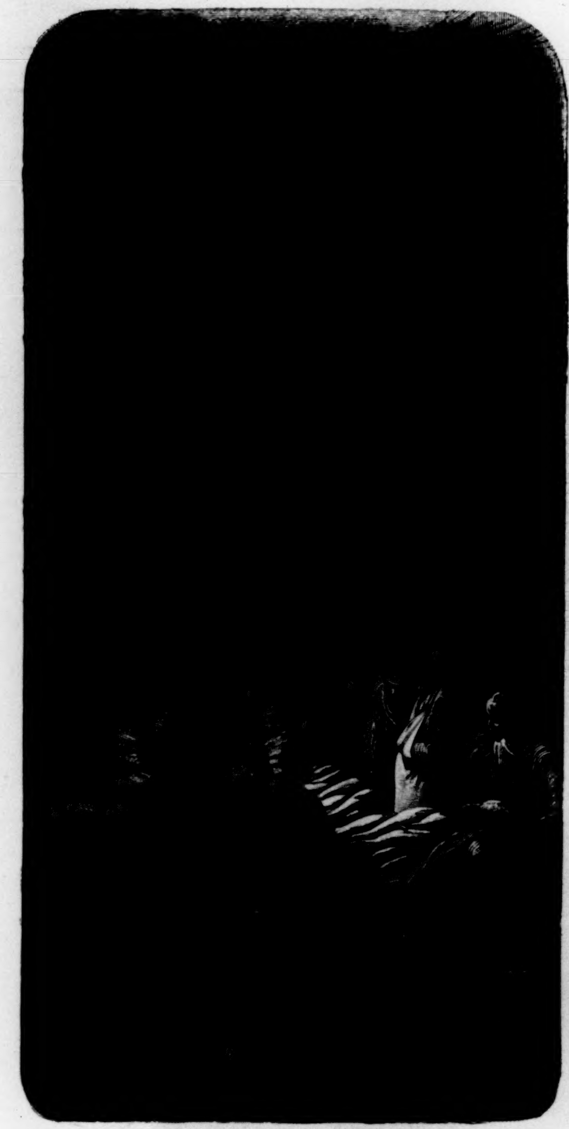
And in no part of London does Work wear more changing, more picturesque phases than in the narrow, tortuous, river-side street that leads from the quiet of the Temple to the Tower, and so on to the Docks. In this river-side thoroughfare there are more varieties of business activity than in any other I can call to mind. Glimpses of the Thames to the left, through tangles of chains and shafts and ropes and cranes; and to the right, crowded lanes, with bales and boxes swinging at every height in the air, and wagon-loads of merchandise waiting to be warehoused; and in the thoroughfare itself immense vans and drays in hopeless confusion to the stranger's eye, yet each slowly tending to its destination: a hurly-burly of clanking hoofs and grinding wheels, and clinking



WAREHOUSES ON THE THAMES.



PICKLE-HERRING STREET.

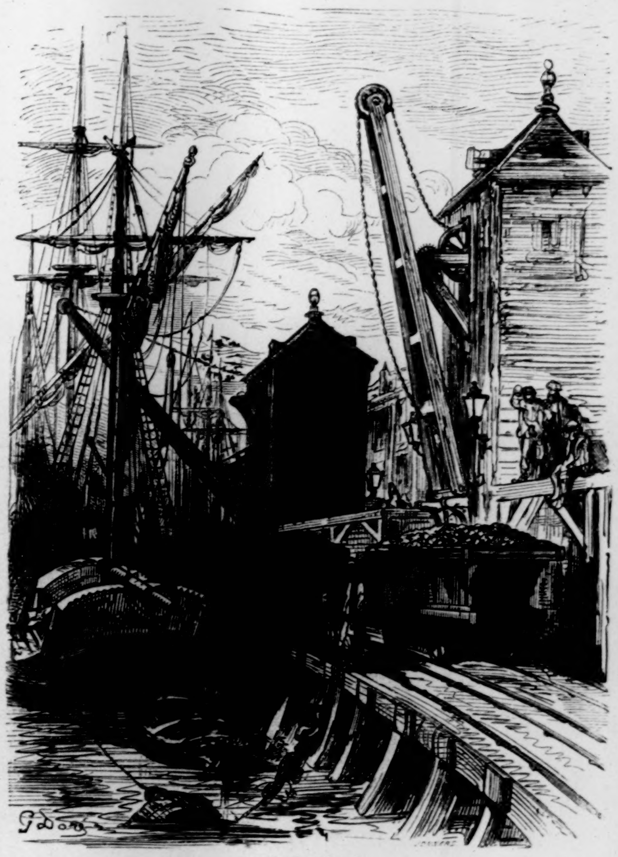


DARK HOUSE LANE—BILLINGSGATE.

chains, and wheezing cranes, to a chorus of discordant human voices, broken by sharp railway whistles and the faint thuds of paddles battling with the tide — this is Thames Street. From the North flows the life of the Great City; from the South that of the famous stream which every foreigner is impatient to see. At its busiest time the street is more striking than Cheapside. The watermen, porters, touters, fish salesmen, sailors, draymen, costermongers, all mixed up with the crowds of passengers hurrying to and from the boats, stopped by street vendors of all descriptions, importuned by beggars, threading perilous ways between mountainous loads, fish and fruit barrows, cabs and carts, present such a picture of a thousand errands transacting in one spot as may not be seen in any other city on the face of the globe. And the picture changes at every hundred yards. At every corner there is a striking note for the sketch-book. A queer gateway, low and dark, with a streak of silver water seen through the stacks of goods beyond, and bales suspended, like spiders from their web: a crooked narrow street with cranes over every window, and the sky netted with ropes as from the deck of a brig! A flaring public-house with a lively sailors' party issuing from a brace of cabs for more drink, that, obviously, is not necessary to any of the assistants. A break-down, fringed by a crowd of advisers. An apple stall surrounded by jubilant shoe-blacks and errand boys. A closed, grass-grown church-yard, with ancient tombstones lying at all angles like a witch's fangs. You may almost smell your whereabouts as you approach the solid arch of London Bridge that spans the street, just beyond Mile's Lane.

Mile's Lane, Duck's Foot Lane, and, not far off, Pickle-Herring Street are representative thoroughfares of river-side London. At the cost of sundry blows and much buffeting from the hastening crowds we make notes of Pickle-Herring Street: now pushed to the road, and now driven against the wall. The hard-visaged men, breathlessly competing for "dear life," glance, mostly with an eye of wondering pity, at the sketcher, and at his companion with the note-book. What, in the name of commonsense, can we want with old Pickle-Herring Street, that has been just the same as it is time out of mind?

"What does he say?" asks the sketcher, who hates to be overlooked. The rude fellow with the peak of his cap over his left ear, and fat curls plastered upon his cheek, and generally a greasy atmosphere about him, has merely stroked his ribs as he looked over our shoulders, and said, "Go it!" in explanation of his contempt. The warehouse-men pause aloft on their landing-stages, book in hand, to contemplate us. Clerks, crossing the bridges which span the street from upper office to upper office, shrug a shoulder; and the man bending beneath an immense sack turns up his eyes from under his burden, and appears pleased that he has disturbed us.



POPLAR DOCK.

It is shiny, damp, and slippery work, past the bridge, eastward, toward the Docks. The air is filled with mingled odors of fruit and fish. The herring merchant contends, in this Araby, with the wholesale vendor of oranges. Oyster-shops, with cavernous depths in which hasty men are eating, as my companion has it, "on their thumbs;" roomy, ancient fish warehouses and fruit stores on the north side, and only fish every where on the south, with here and there peeps of the Pool through the chinks of yard doors and wharf poles; pyramids of fish-baskets, and walls of oozy tubs; men in the most outlandish dress, all toned to one greasy neutral tint, vociferating, swearing, and haggling—but hurrying every one! We are passing sloppy Billingsgate, and the Coal Exchange, and are making for the quieter and heavier street business that lies between us, the Tower, and the Docks! Who says that all this movement is ugly? At every turn there is a sketch. Every twisting or backing of a cart, every shifting of the busy groups, suggests a happy combination of lines and light and shade. About the Tower there are picturesque studies by the score. The Jewish quarter is at hand, and therein may be found in plenty such dark alleys and by-ways for such venerable or striking figures as would have warmed the genius of Rembrandt to enthusiasm. Or take the line of marine-store dealers facing the brown, unbroken walks of the docks! Their shows abound in delightful accidents of form and color. The hard-visaged dealers and the slouching customers form themselves into well-contrasted groups. Among the customers are men of many nations, but all browned by the sun and hardened by the sea-spray. You easily distinguish the British from the foreign salt. The Englishman never loses that slow, automatic movement which has been so often mistaken by strangers as indicating a sluggish nature. M. Taine is among the brilliant writers who show in this error that they have failed to catch the fundamental essentials of the Anglo-Saxon character. He goes the length of saying that the fluid in our veins is blood and water: the fact being, as he might easily convince himself if he would study our seafaring men, that the slow movement indicates strength, and that the blood is calm because it is rich and healthy.

CHAPTER III.

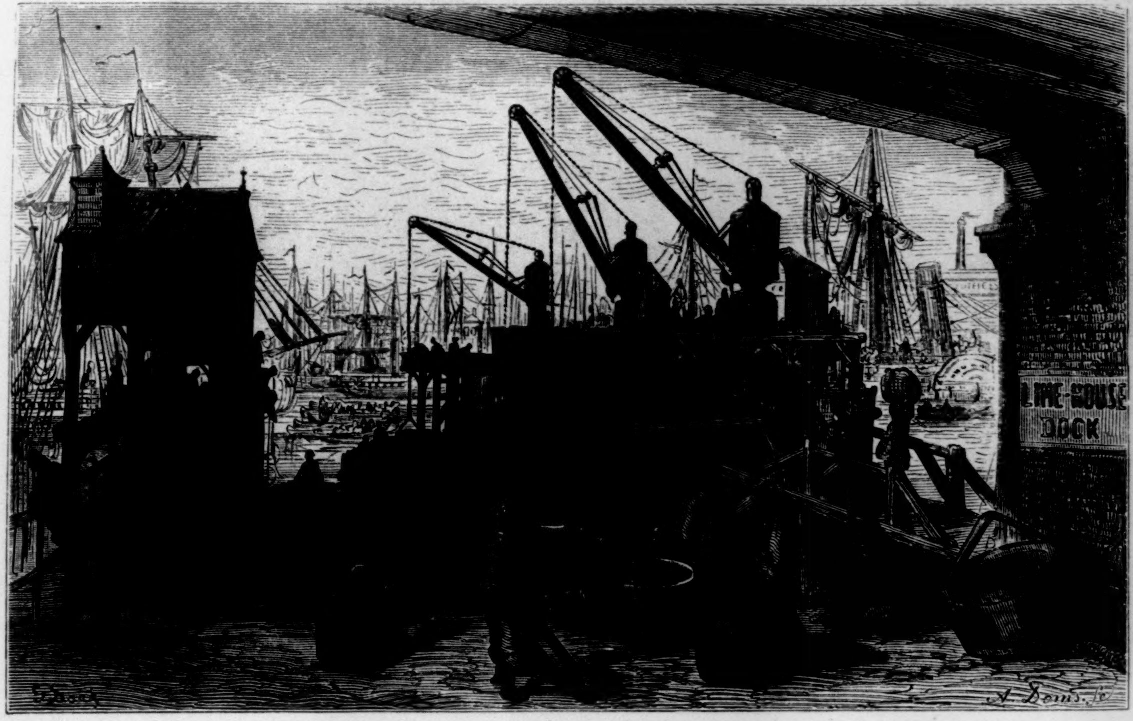
THE DOCKS.

"THIS is one of the grand aspects of your London."

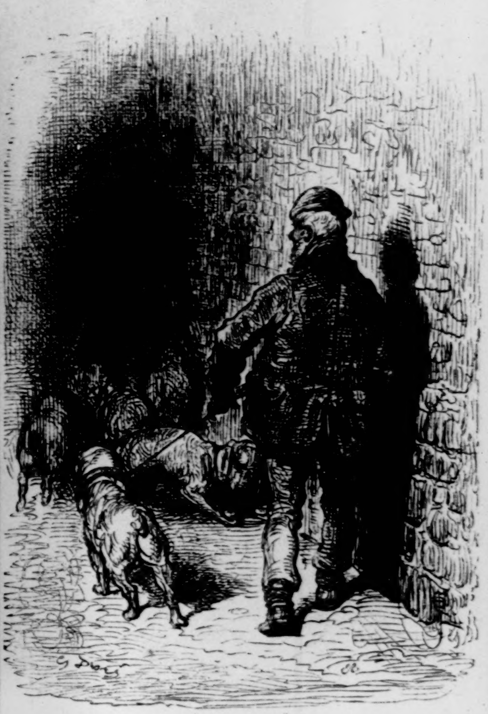
We were sitting upon some barrels, not far within the St. Katherine's Dock Gates, on a sultry summer's day, watching the scene of extraordinary activity in the great entrepôt before us.

"There is no end to it! London Docks, St. Katherine's Docks, Commercial Docks on the other side, India Docks, Victoria Docks; black with coal, blue with indigo, brown with hides, white with flour; stained with purple wine, or brown with tobacco!"

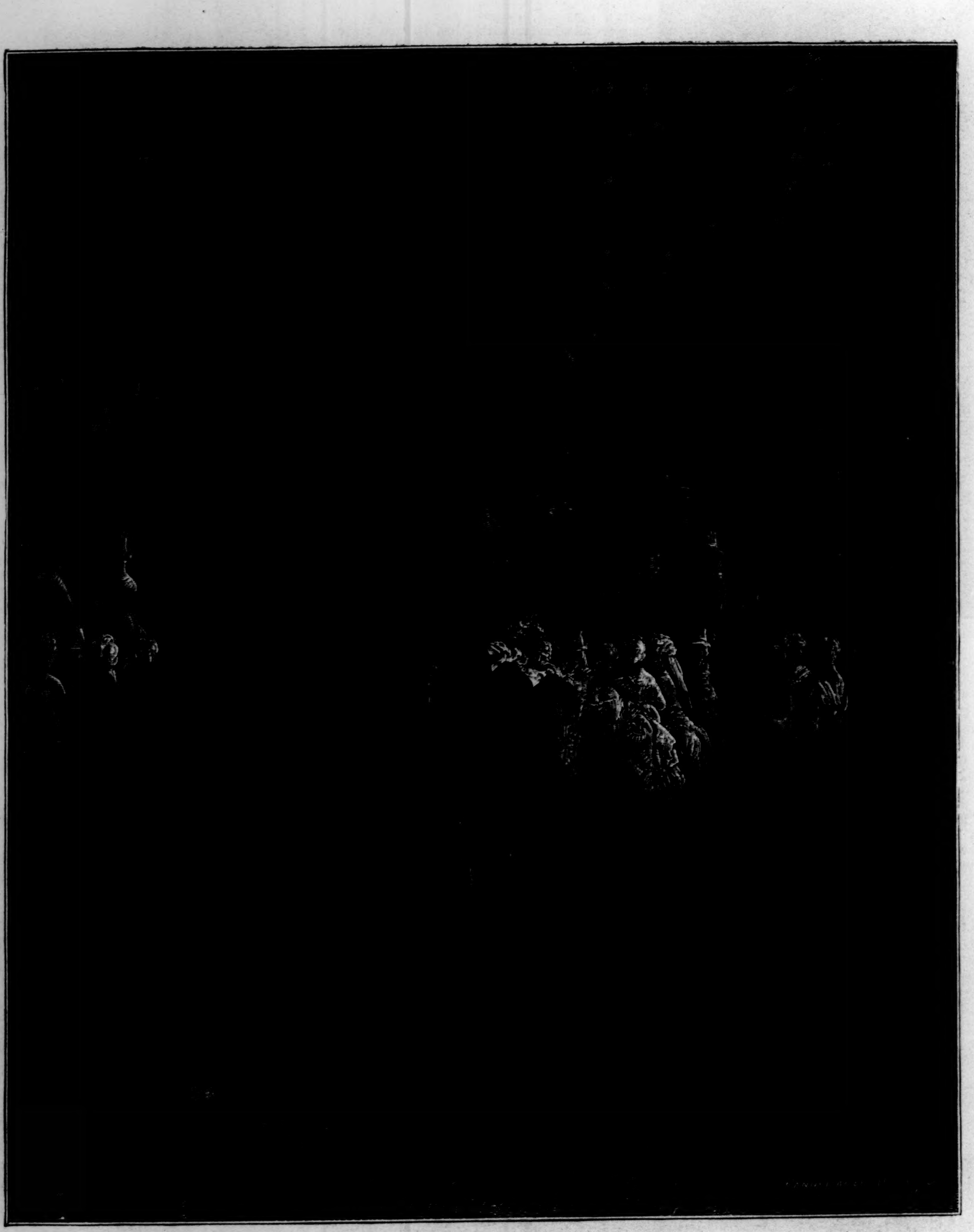
The perspective of the great entrepôt or warehouse before us is broken and lost in the whirl and movement. Bales, baskets, sacks, hogsheads, and wagons stretch as far as the eye can reach; and there is a deep murmur rising from the busy fellows within.



LIMEHOUSE DOCK.



BULL-DOGS.



THE GREAT TREE—KENSINGTON GARDENS.

INSIDE THE DOCKS.

THE GREAT WAREHOUSE—ST. KATHERINE'S DOCK.

The solid carters and porters; the dapper clerks, carrying pen and book; the Customs' men moving slowly; the slouching sailors in gaudy holiday clothes; the skipper in shiny black that fits him uneasily, convoying parties of wondering ladies; negroes, Lascars, Portuguese, Frenchmen; grimy firemen, and (shadows in the throng) hungry-looking day-laborers landing the rich and sweet stores of the South, or the breadstuffs of the generous West—all this makes a striking scene that holds fast the imagination of the observer, who has just skirted the dull outer wall of a great dock, faced by the low and shabby shops of poor Jack's arch enemies.

He who wants to study every form of ship, every kind of rigging, the thousand and one details of spars and ropes, the delightful play of light and color which is a perpetual beauty about a clipper's deck; the sad human stories that crowd the emigrant vessel; the sailor of every clime and country; in short, the immensity of commerce that counts warehouses by the mile and goods by the hundred thousand tons can have no better field than these watery acres that give hospitable welcome to every flag. The light plays upon every known bunting. We thread our way round the busy basins, through bales and bundles and grass-bags, over skins and rags and antlers, ores and dye-woods: now through pungent air, and now through a tallowy atmosphere, to the quay, and the great river where fleets are forever moored. The four thousand feet of river frontage of the St. Katherine's Docks only lead east to where the London Docks take up the striking story of human skill and courage, centred from every navigable sea.

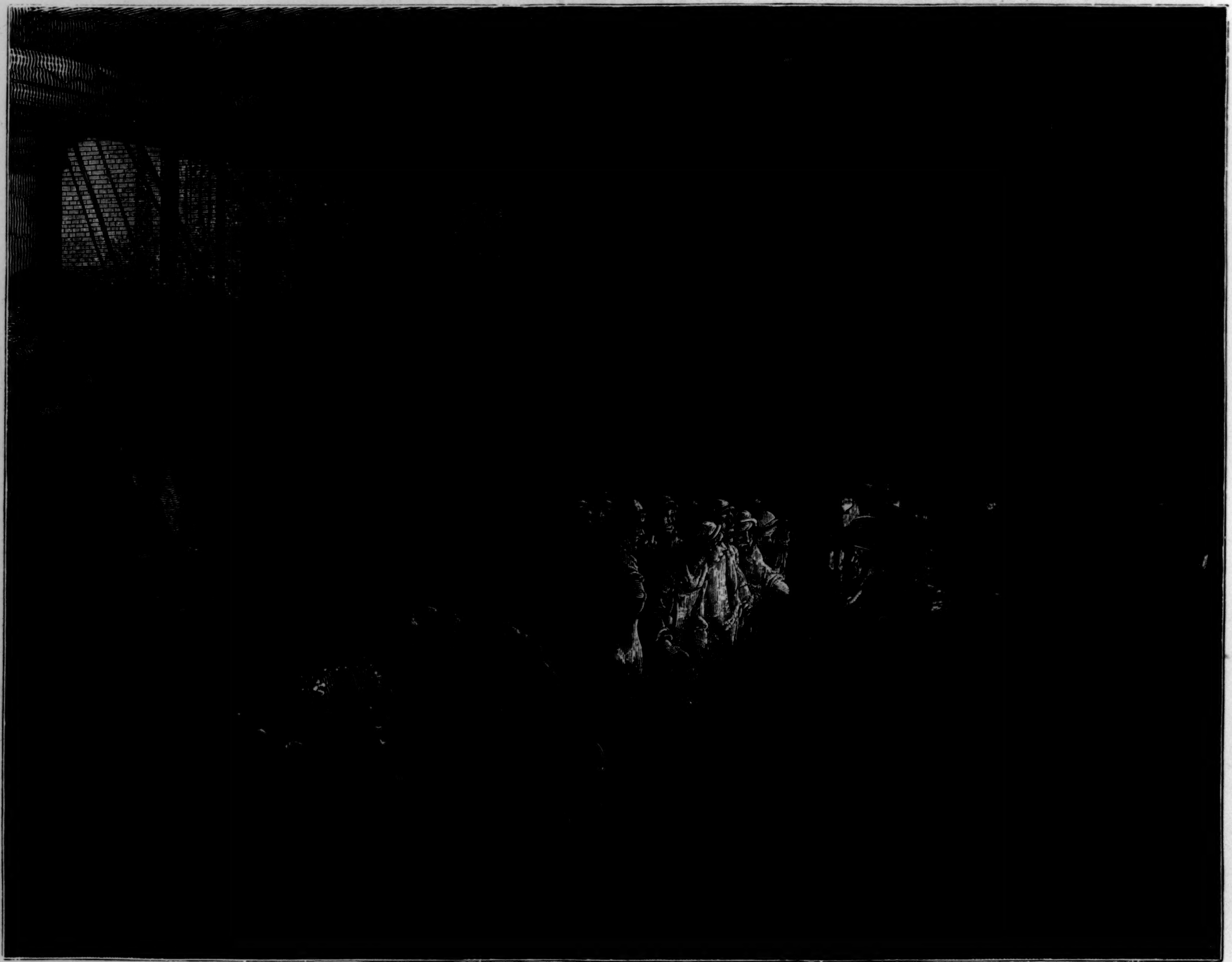
We pass from London dock to London dock—the first being a water-bed of some twenty acres—over the canal bridges, and through throngs of workers tripping to and from the anchored fleets. It seems as though every floating plank had been drawn hither by some mysterious irresistible stream. We are in the regions of tobacco, and within the shadows of store-houses that can shelter nearly twenty-five thousand hogsheads, and keep cool in their foundations between sixty and seventy thousand pipes of wine! This Tobacco Dock with the kiln in the corner, commonly known as the Queen's Tobacco-Pipe (and wherein damaged and confiscated tobacco and other commodities are blown into thin air), and its dark avenues braided and curtained with webs fed by the exudations of many vintages, is, to the Temperance enthusiast, a damned spot; and these alleys of hogsheads and pipes, and ships whose comely sides they have filled, are only so many passages to the Valley of Death.

Through shabby, slatternly places, by low and poor houses, amidst shiftless riverside loungers, with the shipping-littered Thames on our right, we push on to the eastern dock between Wapping and down Shadwell. Streets of poverty-marked tenements, gaudy public-houses and beer shops, door-steps packed with lolling, heavy-eyed, half-naked children; low-browed and bare-armed women greasing the walls with their backs, and gossiping the while such gossip as scorches the ear; bullies of every kind walking as masters of the pavement—all sprinkled with drunkenness—compose the scene, even in these better days, along the roads which stretch from dock to dock, to Limehouse and Blackwell, where the wealth of the Indies is cast upon our shores.

At Limehouse the activity in the coal trade was the striking feature. The rows of black ships, the dusty workmen and quays, are in striking contrast to the brightness of the scenes where the immense Australian emigrant clippers lie, and where our corn and wine are landed.

We have traveled through the commerce of a world in little. The London Docks alone receive something like two thousand ships a year. They include one wine-cellar seven acres in extent! The potent gentlemen at Dock House govern the employment of a capital amounting to about four millions sterling. They are the hosts of squadrons of the peaceful Marine that is overspreading the world with the blessings of civilization. By us, where we sit watching sailors in the rigging, or slung by a ship's sides "peacocking" her bottom, looms the enormous figure-head of the *Concordia*, stretching out of the basin and overshadowing the quay. A noble representative vessel in the midst of this mast-forest, and by the banks of the busiest river in the world. This ship is of the fleet that shall prevail in the end over the iron-clads and the floating rams. Its comely prow shall rise triumphant over many summer seas when the *Spitfires* have been laid up and put out of sight of a world at peace, save in such contests as those the spoils of which lie along our leagues of quays, prone to the vigorous and courageous hand of the workman.

On the opposite bank of the Thames, by carrier boat, through tangles of ships and steamboats, coasters and lightermen, we survey the Surrey Commercial Docks and the regions of timber, redolent of turpentine, by the Grand Surrey Canal behind. It is



ST. KATHERINE'S DOCK.

but a repetition of that which we have studied on the Middlesex bank; only in Rotherhithe the sea-faring element is intensified, and is upon every body and every thing. Every living creature slouches or shambles; the women are brawny of arm and of brazen countenance; the public-houses are driving a wonderful trade; and along all the line the money gained by night-watches in the northern seas, and over the crestless black billows of the Baltic, is being freely and badly spent.

Take Shadwell, Ratcliff Highway, Old Gravel Lane, and Rotherhithe, and you find few differences, save at points, in the intensity of the squalid recklessness. By day and by night it is the same interminable scene of heedless, shiftless money-squandering of Jack ashore, in the company of his sweetheart.

The whole is a grand picture, with a very dark background; such a background as that which appeared to us one dark night, outside a public-house, by Dockhead.

An after-dark journey by the river-side is an expedition to be undertaken cautiously, and in safe company. In the Ratcliff district there is a strong dislike to the appearance of people who belong to the West of London. Muttered oaths and coarse jests follow in the wake of the stranger, seasoned in proportion to the richness of his appearance. A fop of St. James's Street would fare badly if he should attempt a solitary pilgrimage to Shadwell. His air of wealth would be regarded as aggressive and impertinent in these regions, upon which the mark of poverty is set in lively colors. It is remarkable that the poverty of the river-side is unlike that of Drury Lane or Bethnal Green. The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune pierce a rollicking company by the water. Jack gives a constant jollity to the scene, and is the occasion of the interminable roistering apparent in the lines of low public-houses thronged with ragged, loud-voiced men and women. The pitched battle we witnessed outside a public-house at Dockhead one threatening night is an incident that from time to time starts out of the level of the Ratcliff highwayman's careless and vicious life of want and drink.

I TOLD YOU.

I told you the winter would go, love,
  I told you the winter would go;
That he'd flee in shame when the south wind came,
  And you smiled when I told you so.
You said the blustering fellow
  Would never yield to a breeze,
That his cold, icy breath had frozen to death
  The flowers and grass and trees.

But I told you the snow would melt, love,
  In the passionate glance o' the sun,
And the leaves on the trees and the flowers and bees
  Would come back again, one by one;
That the great white clouds would vanish,
  And the sky turn tender and blue,
And the sweet birds would sing and talk of the spring,
  And, love, it has all come true.

I told you that sorrow would fade, love,
  And you would forget half your pain;
That the sweet bird of song would waken ere long,
  And sing in your bosom again;
That hope would creep out of the shadows,
  And back to its nest in your heart,
And gladness would come, and find its old home,
  And that sadness at length would depart.

SUMMER SWEETINGS.

"You might take a basket of those summer sweetings down to Widow Small's, Bert."

"Yes, mother mine, if you say so."

"It won't take you ten minutes."

"No? Where does she live?"

"Follow the orchard wall, and turn down Lovers' Lane, and it's the first cottage on your left—so the servants tell me; I've never been there."

Bert took the basket and followed directions, and just as he reached the first cottage on the left the door opened and out tumbled ten or a dozen children of all ages.

"Is this the widow Small's?" he asked of a dimpled young person who stood just inside watching the children's gambols.

"Yes," said the sweetest voice in the world, while two luminous eyes met his—"yes, this is the widow Small's."

"My mother, Mrs. Greaterex, sends her these summer sweetings."

"Oh, thank you! Tell Mrs. Greaterex that there is nothing I like so well as summer sweetings."

"She sent them with her compliments," said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but feeling that he owed an apology to this vision of loveliness for having thought of her as an old woman in a mob-cap.

"Your mother is very kind. Won't you come in and see my flowers?"

"Yes, I will. Are these your children?" he asked.

"They are my little scholars. You must have mistaken me for the old woman who lived in her shoe!"

"Do you take care of all these flowers yourself?" he asked, while she pointed out her favorites. "What a poetical employment!"

"Oh, it is not poetry, it is poverty that moves me," she replied. "I make them into bouquets to sell. Let me give you these for your button-hole."

"Thanks; and I will order a bouquet of you every day."

"Oh, I shall grow as rich as Crœsus. You are too generous. One of my little scholars shall take it to you."

"No; if you please, I will come for it myself."

"Certainly. It is time for me to ring my bell now; recess has been over these five minutes."

"I suppose that is a hint for me to be gone. I wish I was a little chap in your primer class! Good-by, you will see me to-morrow."

"Where *have* you been, Bert?" said Caroline; "the carriage has been waiting this half hour."

"I carried some apples to the widow Small's," answered the guilty Bert. "Mother sent them."

"Oh, did you? Has she any children?"

"There were half a dozen or more playing about the premises," answered Bert, smiling.

"Poor folks always have such a lot. Does she have to take care of them herself?"

"That seemed to be her occupation."

"It must be disagreeable to be old and poor too; to lose your color, and see your eyes retreating into your head, your skin growing yellow and wrinkled, and your hair getting gray. Is she an awful old fright, Bert?"

"You had better go and see for yourself," laughed her brother, "your taste is so different from mine. That new panier, for instance, which you wore yesterday, and thought so stylish, is simply hideous to me."

"Oh no. I hate the neighborhood of poverty and trouble; squalor gives me a qualm. No; I will send her some of my old gowns—without paniers—if you think she'd like them, but don't ask me to go and see her." And then they drove round and called on the Upton girls, and Caroline lost sight of the poor widow and her large family in discussing the new polonaise and the latest style of chignons. But Bert made amends for his sister's shortcomings. All the time that he chatted with Maria Upton, holding her scarlet yarns and saying gallant nothings, he was comparing her with the widow Small, and finding flaws in her beauty and demeanor. Only yesterday he had thought Maria Upton the prettiest girl in the world, with whom it would not be difficult to get madly in love, but just now she seemed full of affectations.

"What is on your mind?" she asked, suddenly. "Excuse me, but you don't appear quite like yourself."

"Nor you either," he might have replied. "So much the better, perhaps," he said instead.

"Allow me to judge about that. Come, what good have you done since yesterday?"

"Good? Oh yes; I carried a basket of summer sweetings to the widow Small. Isn't that good?"

"Sweetings are good. She's quite an antiquity, this widow, isn't she?"

"Don't ask me; a lady's age is a sacred subject."

"How considerate! Does she wear a false front piece and glasses?"

"Is that an index of age? I know a heap of folks whom I never supposed aged who wear false fronts, if it means that they smile when they would rather frown, and say 'I am glad to see you' when they wish you in the Red Sea."

"Oh, how provoking you are, Mr. Greaterex! But perhaps you will tell me if this widow Small needs assistance—if she would like to go into the Old Ladies' Home which our society is about to establish."

"How benevolent-minded you are, Miss Maria!" Bert laughed. "I almost wish myself an old lady to be provided for by your charity; but I don't believe that Mrs. Small would take kindly to it." And then the talk wandered into other channels. Yesterday their flirtation had been in danger of falling into a more tender strain; to-day the widow Small preserved the equilibrium. But Miss Upton had no mind to give up ground once gained. She fancied that he wished to withdraw from the half-conclusions of the days before—that he desired to balance the past account, which made up a pretty sum total of sugared speeches and half-uttered declarations, by crediting them all to friendship. There was an air of indifference about him which she greatly mistrusted; but she would not allow him to slip through her fingers so easily. Publicity of private affairs was the bugbear of the Greaterex soul: had she not received enough fragrant notes and letters from Bert to answer her purpose? Not that she would descend to the vulgar necessity of a breach of promise, but where was the harm of making him understand that he was compromised?

"I have been reading Madame Sévigné's correspondence," said she; "and it strikes me that you resemble each other in possessing the secret of fine letter-writing, when most people run into twaddle."

"I don't know how to bear myself under such a burden of praise. I feel that it is undeserved."

"In order to convince you of its truth, perhaps I had better allow you to reperuse a few specimens that I have from one Mr. Berthold Greaterex. See! here they are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a goodly parcel tied with ribbon.

"Did I write you all those?" said Bert, aghast. "Let me see them."

"What are they?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her attention from the styles for an instant. "Oh! love-letters?"

"Love-letters?" repeated Maria. "I don't know.—Were they, Mr. Greaterex?" aside.

"I don't remember," said Bert. "Let me read them, and I'll decide."

"I don't dare trust you. People have a way of burning up their old letters if they can lay hands upon them. Now perhaps I'm silly and sentimental, but mine are worth something to me. By-the-way, Mr. Greaterex, did you ever go into court when there was a breach-of-promise case on? Jerome took us in once, when they were reading the love-letters, and it was so funny! Every body was convulsed. They were very nice letters too!"

Bert turned a little pale. He vaguely remembered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and though the case had not gone against him, yet he had never fully recovered the tone of his sensibilities, which had received such a shock.

"Give them to me," said Bert, reaching his hand for them.

"Will you give me any thing in return of equal value? Will you give me the nosegay in your button-hole?"

"It is beginning to fade. No, Miss Upton."

"Come into the garden, and I will give you a fresh one."

"Thanks."

He followed into the garden, where she made a selection, and throwing Mrs. Small's gift aside, put her own in its place. When she had finished he picked up the faded flower and pressed it into his pocket-book.

"Oh," said Maria, "a souvenir of some—" The words broke off in her throat. "Who gave it to you?" abruptly.

"The widow Small," said Bert, smiling.

"Come, you are teasing me. You sha'n't see a single letter; and they are ever so interesting!"

"How could they be otherwise when you were their subject?"

And then Caroline called to them that she was going home, and the conference ended.

So it happened that Bert temporized, with that dreadful hint of his letters being read in court for the diversion of the towns-folk hanging over his head. Had he been quite certain of their contents he might have defied them; but he was aware that a young man in the first enthrallment of fancy allows his enthusiasm to run away with his prudence. But all this did not prevent him from going daily to Mrs. Small's for his bouquet, which, by-the-way, he sometimes carried to Maria Upton, a sacrifice to Nemesis; and these daily calls at the cottage in Lovers' Lane became like daily bread to the hungry. He lived for them, counted the hours till it was time to set forth, prolonged them till the hostess was fain to spread her little tea-table and invite her guest to drink nectar from china and to taste ambrosia home-made. Sometimes when the nights were warm they took tea in the little arbor, with roses nodding in at the archway, and honeysuckles climbing the lattice, and mignonette spicing the dewy air; and there the moon would find them, listening to the sleepy notes of thrushes in the hedge, or talking of the dim, delicious future as if it were some enchanted land toward which they were journeying together.

One evening, as she bade him good-night on her door-step, he felt her hand tremble in his.

"What is it?" he asked. "Did you see a ghost among the plum-trees?"

"Something startled me. I saw—I thought I saw a face among the shrubbery."

"Whose face?"

"Oh, perhaps I was mistaken. It was a shadow projected from my fancy, maybe."

"You are getting nervous, little one. You must not live here alone."

And the next evening, when Mr. Greaterex loitered to the cottage, he found she had followed his advice; the doors of the house were closed, and placards "To Let" were in the windows. The widow Small had vanished like the genius in a fairy story. Mr. Berthold Greaterex was beside himself, and ready to brave any thing in Maria Upton's power. What did a breach of promise signify in comparison with losing his love? Let those laugh who win.

Somebody had seen a person answering to the description of Mrs. Small take the noon train for New York that day. Bert followed without more delay, wasted a week in hanging about the city before he betook himself to the house of his friend Mrs. Aberneth, in the suburbs. One afternoon, as he was turning over some engravings in the parlor with Kate Aberneth, little Charlie burst into the room in tears, sobbing out that,

"Miss Van Orme's gone and dead herself—in the school-room! Charlie didn't do it! Charlie only said, 'Mr. Greaterex is courting sister Kate in the parlor, Miss Van Orme;' and Mary said, 'Hush, you silly boy;' and Charlie was mad, and told that ma said so herself, and threw the primer at Mary; and then Miss Van Orme looked all white like and shut her eyes, and won't talk; and Mary said, 'Now you've done it, Charlie!' Did Charlie?"

"Oh, you horrid boy!" cried Kate Aberneth. "You are always in mischief. I suppose Miss Van Orme has fainted. Go and tell mamma."

"Who *is* Miss Van Orme?" asked Bert.

"Only the nursery governess. We do have such a bother with them. One has a temper, another has headaches, and now, when we thought we had got a jewel, here she is fainting!"

"I think we ought to try and revive her," said Bert, taking Charlie's hand, while Kate led the way. But when they had reached the school-room Miss Van Orme had recovered her senses, and was sitting in an arm-chair, while Mary vigorously fanned her pallid face.

"For mercy's sake, what made you faint, Miss Van Orme?" cried Kate. "You almost threw Charlie into convulsions."

Miss Van Orme stood up and looked beyond Miss Aberneth to Mr. Greaterex, standing in the doorway, who came forward to her relief instantly.

"You must not stand," he said, leading her back to her seat. "I think I have found a friend of mine"—turning to Kate. "Why did you run away from your friends?" he questioned, relieving Mary of the fan.

"I ran away from my enemies, if you please."

"Do you call me one?"

"Perhaps we had better withdraw," said poor Kate, tossing her head to conceal her chagrin. "Come, children!"

"Thank you," Bert answered her; "I should like a few minutes alone with Miss Van Orme, if you please."

"Oh, you had better go back to Miss Kate in the drawing-room," said Miss Van Orme, when the door had closed upon them; "it will be a shame to disappoint Mrs. Aberneth; and, indeed, I can get on very well without you, Sir."

"But I can't get along without you."

"And yet you know nothing at all about me?"

"I am satisfied with my knowledge. I know that you are charming, and that I love you."

"You love a woman sailing under an alias? I am neither Mrs. Small nor Miss Van Orme."

"I don't care a fig who you are. I will marry you to-morrow, if you consent, under whatever name you choose."

"Generosity is catching. I will tell you my story."

"I will not listen to it except from the lips of Mrs. Berthold Greaterex."

"Please yourself."

"Thank you. Then I will come for you to-morrow, and we will be married in church." But when he returned to the drawing-room and told his story to Mrs. Aberneth, she insisted that the wedding should take place at her house.

Every body was taken aback at Greaterex when Berthold wrote that he should bring his bride home the following week. "You may have seen her," he wrote, "when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remember, perhaps, that you once sent her some summer sweetings. I owe my happiness to those precious apples. Caroline will remember the occasion, because she offered to part with some of her wardrobe to the poor widow."

"Oh! oh!" cried Caroline, "he has married the widow Small and all her children! How could he? She's old enough to be his grandmother. Oh, dear! dear! dear! I shall never want to see another summer sweeting as long as I live. I wish you would order Spades to cut down the tree, mamma. No wonder an apple brought trouble into the world, and shut folks out of Paradise! It keeps its reputation up finely! To think that the heir of Greaterex should marry a hideous old widow!"

Guess her surprise when Berthold opened the carriage door, and there descended a little person, who threw aside her veil, and disclosed a dazzling skin of rose and lily hues, eyes like summer brooks, brown and liquid, hair a ripple of sunbeams—the semblance of an angel in flesh and blood!

"Where—are—the—the children?" gasped Caroline.

"Yes," laughed Berthold, "and where are the wrinkles, and the gray hairs, and the sunken eyes? *Is* she an awful old fright, Carrie?"

"Summer sweetings are not so sour after all, mamma," said Caroline, later. "I guess Spades may spare the tree."

The next week Berthold overtook Maria Upton in his walk.

"I saw Mrs. Greaterex in church," said she.

"Did you see an antiquity with a false front piece?"

"Now don't be disagreeable; how could I know? By-the-way, I have some news to tell you: I am engaged."

"Allow me to congratulate your lover. I suppose you mean to entertain him with those precious old letters of mine?"

"Your letters? Oh, I haven't the ghost of one left; I curled my hair on them long ago; it was only the empty envelopes with which I teased you. But tell me about Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a story."

"Yes; perhaps you have heard of the Prudhomme heiress? I remember when the affair was much talked of, and thinking it sad enough. You see, Pauline was the last of her family—she, and a cousin who inherited in case of her death. The common report was that her loneliness and sorrow worked upon her mind till she was pronounced insane, and carried to an asylum; and the cousin, being guardian and next heir, was left in irresponsible charge of the fortune, which was very large."

"Yes, I know it," she answered, glibly; "the Prudhommes lived in great magnificence while they did live."

"Well, Mrs. Greaterex was Pauline Prudhomme. It appears she was no more crazy than you are; but having refused to marry her cousin, and he, fearing that she might marry elsewhere and will the fortune away from him forever, represented her as insane, bribed two physicians to serve his turn, and dispatched her to the asylum. One day she made her escape, and came here under the name of Mrs. Small, widow, to support herself by her own exertions, thinking the title of Mrs. would prove more protection than that of Miss, and insure respectability. But she was discovered in her seclusion. She took flight immediately. She met the keepers getting out of the train in which she took refuge, but they passed her unsuspecting. I followed on the next day, and the rest you know. I don't suppose that you ever heard of the cousin; but in case you should ever chance to meet him, his name is Lucien Thornton."

"Lucien Thornton!" cried Miss Upton, turning deadly pale, and supporting herself on the arm of Mr. Greaterex. "I thank you. There can be but one Lucien Thornton. You have done me a great service, Mr. Greaterex, in marrying Miss Prudhomme. I am engaged to her wicked cousin, but you have saved me the ignominy of becoming his wife. Will you please call a carriage and send me home?"

And it was the summer sweetings that brought it all about.